MARVEL

APRIL

10¢

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 30

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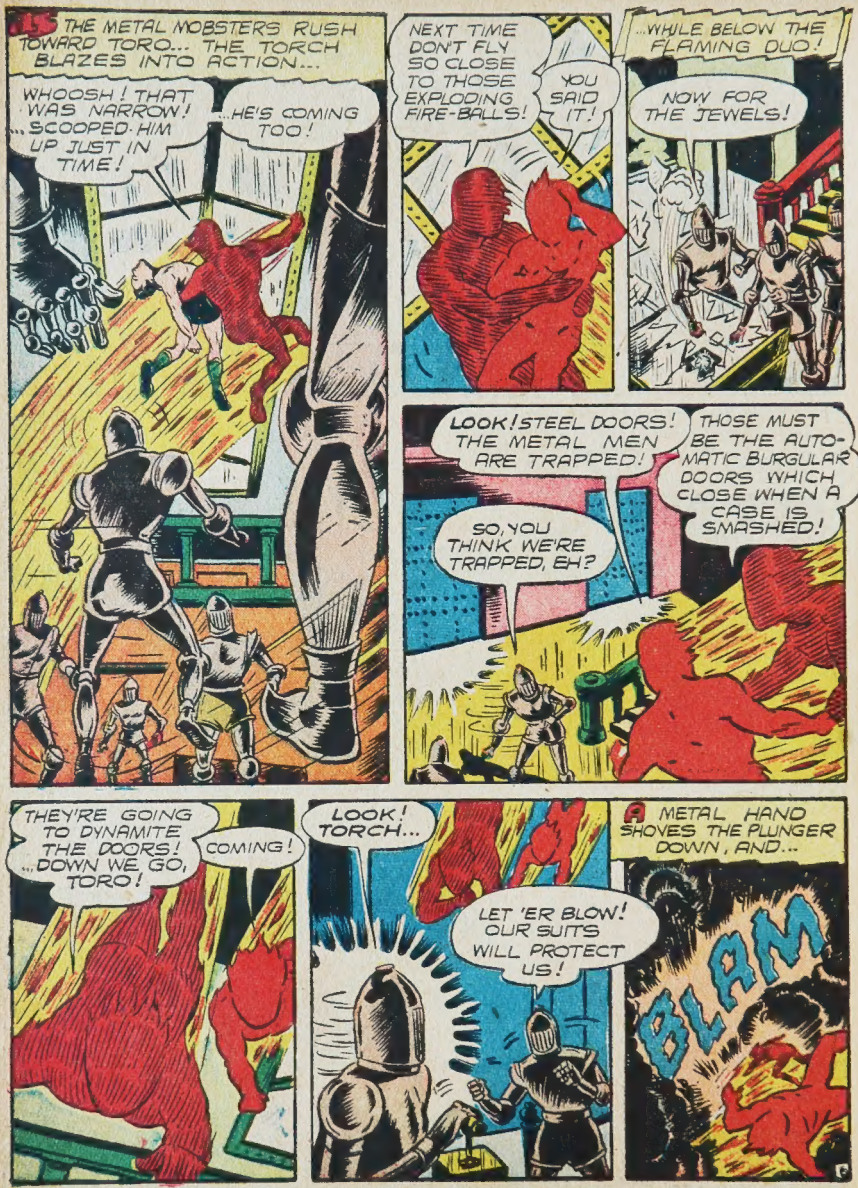
HUMAN TORCH
THEY CAME LIKE STEEL JUGGERNAUTS, THESE METAL CLAD MEN, WITH LOOT AND MURDER IN THEIR MINDS! EVEN THE HUMAN TORCH WAS STUMPED FOR A MOMENT AS HE MATCHED WITS WITH THEIR SINISTER LEADER, BUT THEN, EVEN METAL HAS ITS MELTING POINT!
and TORO in the March of the METAL MOBSTERS
CARL BURGOS
TORCH AND TORO ARE COMPILING DATA ABOUT PAST CASES!
WHEW! YOU'D NEVER THINK THERE WERE SO MANY CRIMINALS IN THE WORLD!
Y'MEAN BEHIND BARS, TORCH!
SUDDENLY...
A GIRL!
FORGIVE ME! BUT I HAD TO SEE YOU, TORCH! I'M MARY ORCHID!
YES..

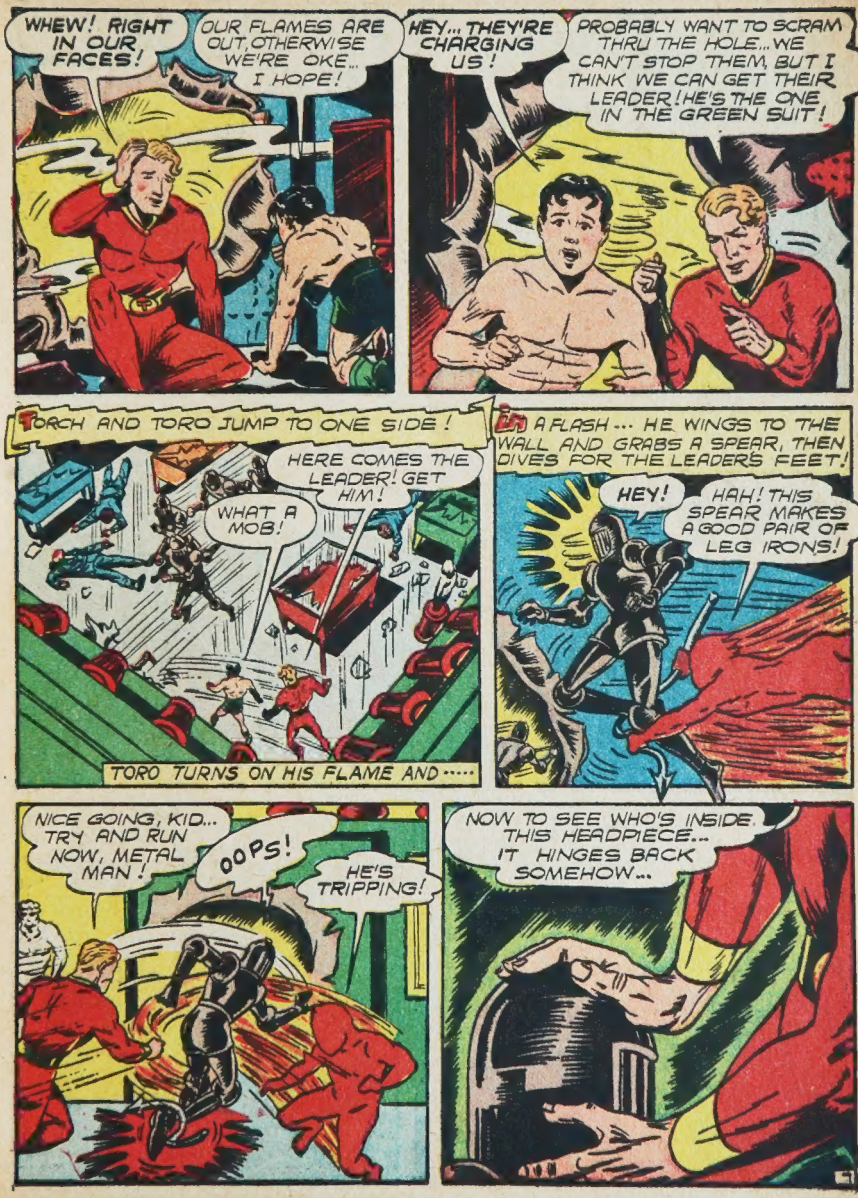
HERE... SIT DOWN! NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!
YOU'VE BEEN HELPING PEOPLE ALL YOUR LIFE... NOW, I NEED YOUR HELP, TORCH!
MY FIANCEE IS MISSING! BEEN GONE ABOUT THREE WEEKS. HE DISAPPEARED RIGHT AFTER HE TOLD ME ABOUT HIS NEW DISCOVERY!
DISCOVERY, EH? WHAT IS IT?
A PLASTIC METAL CALLED Y-9. ...THE METAL IS LIGHT AS BALSA WOOD, STRETCHES LIKE RUBBER AND IS BULLET PROOF! I'M AFRAID HIS DISAPPEARANCE IS THE WORK OF FOREIGN AGENTS!
SOUNDS LOGICAL! A PLASTIC METAL IS THE AIM OF EVERY FOREIGN GOVERNMENT!!
RIGHT! WELL, KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
THANK YOU!
HMM... WHAT A METAL THIS Y9 MUST BE! SOMETHING BIG BEHIND ALL THIS!
GUESS SO... HEY, TORCH, LOOK!
THEY'RE KIDNAPPING MISS ORCHID!
LET'S GO
DOWN AND AT THEM, KID!

The FLAME MASTERS SUBDUE THE BLAZE ON THEIR HANDS AND CRASH THEM INTO THE ABDUCTERS!
'NO KIDNAPPING TODAY, MUG!
HEY, TORCH! THEIR CAR IS MAKING A BREAK!
NEVER MIND! WE'VE GOT THESE TWO RATS!
T-THEY TRIED TO ABDUCT ME!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS... WHO SENT YOU AFTER THE GIRL?
URRAGH ...UR!
WHAT IS THAT? INDIAN TALK?
I GET IT! THEY'RE MUTES! WHOEVER SENT THEM MADE SURE THEY WOULDN'T TALK!
BUT THEY CAN READ! HERE'S A CLIPPING I FOUND IN THEIR POCKETS CONCERNING THE SPENCER COLLECTION!
THAT COLLECTION IS WORTH A FORTUNE.
?
TORCH, MY GUARDIAN, STEPHEN COLE IS DIRECTOR OF THE DISPLAY!
WHAT? C'MON! WE'RE GOING THERE!
...AND LEAVE THESE TWO GO FREE? NOTHING DOING, TORCH!

OH! I FORGOT ABOUT THEM! AH! HERE COMES A PATROL CAR!
WHAT'S UP, TORCH?
POLICE
AFTER HANDING THE CULPRITS OVER TO THE POLICE, TORCH, TORO AND MISS ORCHID HEAD FOR THE PUBLIC MUSEUM!
WE'LL BE THERE IN A MOMENT, MISS ORCHID!
GOOD... ER... I WANT TO THANK YOU BOTH FOR SAVING ME!
AW, SHUCKS! THAT'S PART OF OUR JOB!
LATER, AT STEPHEN COLE'S OFFICE IN THE MUSEUM, TORCH RELATES THE STORY OF THE ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION...
MARY, MY DEAR... YOU MUST BE CAREFUL!
I WILL... BELIEVE ME!
HOW ABOUT A PEEK AT THE DIAMONDS, NOW?
A SPLENDID REQUEST, SONNY... COME, WE'LL LEAVE MARY TO REST HERE!
SONNY! BAH!
LET'S GO!
...AND THIS IS THE FABULOUS "DIAMOND OF THE STARS", ALSO PART OF THE SPENCER COLLECTION!
WOW! WHAT A MARBLE THAT WOULD MAKE!
INTERESTING!
SUDDENLY!
MARY! SHE'S SCREAMING!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
LET'S GO!
THE TRIO RACE BACK TO THE OFFICE!
SHE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED!
WELL, I'LL BE!
?

I'M GOING FOR THE POLICE!
WAIT!
GONE... HE COULD HAVE PHONED FOR THEM!
FIND ANY CLUES, TORO?
NOTHING BUT HER PURSE, TORCH!
WHAT'S THAT? SHOOTING!
IT'S COMING FROM THE SPENCER ROOM!
THE DUO FLAME INTO THE SPENCER ROOM!
HEY! WHAT IS THIS... A KNIGHT'S PICNIC?
THOSE MEN ARE IN BULLET PROOF SUITS AND AFTER ONE THING... THE SPENCER COLLECTION!
OUR BULLETS ARE BOUNCING OFF THEM!
HAH! ...YOU CAN'T STOP US!
THE FLAME MASTERS SWOOP DOWN ON THE METAL MOBSTERS!
IF BULLETS CAN'T STOP THEM, MAYBE A COUPLE OF EXPLODING FIRE-BALLS WILL!
NO GO!.. TORO! THE EXPLOSION PUT OUT HIS FLAME! HE'S FALLING!
FLAMING METEORS! THEY'RE GOING TO STAMPEDE TORO! HE'LL BE CRUSHED!

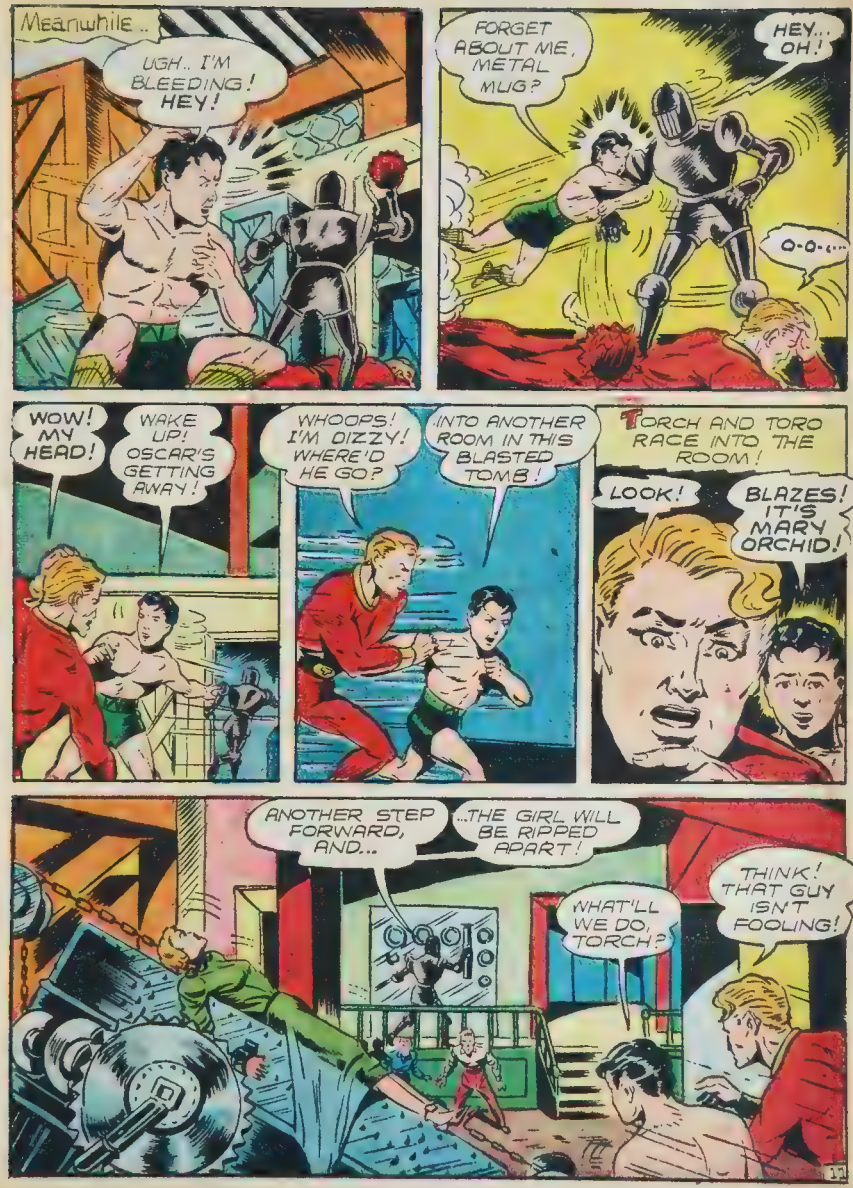

15 THE METAL MOBSTERS RUSH TOWARD TORO... THE TORCH BLAZES INTO ACTION...
WHOOSH! THAT WAS NARROW! ...SCOOPED HIM UP JUST IN TIME!
...HE'S COMING TOO!
NEXT TIME DON'T FLY SO CLOSE TO THOSE EXPLODING FIRE-BALLS!
YOU SAID IT!
...WHILE BELOW THE FLAMING DUO!
NOW FOR THE JEWELS!
LOOK! STEEL DOORS! THE METAL MEN ARE TRAPPED!
THOSE MUST BE THE AUTOMATIC BURGULAR DOORS WHICH CLOSE WHEN A CASE IS SMASHED!
SO, YOU THINK WE'RE TRAPPED, EH?
THEY'RE GOING TO DYNAMITE THE DOORS! ...DOWN WE GO, TORO!
COMING!
LOOK! TORCH...
LET 'ER BLOW! OUR SUITS WILL PROTECT US!
A METAL HAND SHOVES THE PLUNGER DOWN, AND...
BLAM


WHEW! RIGHT IN OUR FACES!
OUR FLAMES ARE OUT, OTHERWISE WE'RE OKE... I HOPE!
HEY... THEY'RE CHARGING US!
PROBABLY WANT TO SCRAM THRU THE HOLE... WE CAN'T STOP THEM, BUT I THINK WE CAN GET THEIR LEADER! HE'S THE ONE IN THE GREEN SUIT!
TORCH AND TORO JUMP TO ONE SIDE!
HERE COMES THE LEADER! GET HIM!
WHAT A MOB!
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND.....
A FLASH... HE WINGS TO THE WALL AND GRABS A SPEAR, THEN DIVES FOR THE LEADER'S FEET!
HEY!
HAH! THIS SPEAR MAKES A GOOD PAIR OF LEG IRONS!
NICE GOING, KID... TRY AND RUN NOW, METAL MAN!
OOPS!
HE'S TRIPPING!
NOW TO SEE WHO'S INSIDE. THIS HEADPIECE... IT HINGES BACK SOMEHOW...

HERE IT COMES, AH!
SAY... HE'S TOO GOOD LOOKING TO BE A CRIMINAL!
SO YOU GOT ONE OF THEM, EH?
IT'S COLE!
WITH THE POLICE!
WHY, HE'S LESLIE GARDEN! MARY'S FIANCE! AND ALL THAT BOSH ABOUT HIS DISAPPEARANCE... WHY... HE EVEN USED HIS METAL FORMULA TO FABRICATE METAL SUITS TO ROB THE JEWELS! ...ARREST HIM!
I-ER-R...
IN COLE'S OFFICE...
THANKS FOR LETTING ME GET OUT OF THIS SUIT!
HMM... WELTS ON HIS BACK!
TORCH PATS LESLIE'S BACK, AND...
YEEOW!
I'M SORRY!
LET'S GO, BUD!
THOSE METAL MEN MUST STILL BE IN THE MUSEUM, COLE DIDN'T SEE THEM GO OUT... HOW ABOUT THE CELLAR?
GOOD IDEA! LET'S GO!
...BLOOD ON MY HAND! LESLIE MUST'VE GOT A WHIPPING RECENTLY!
HERE WE ARE IN THE CELLAR!
CELLAR NOTHING! YOU MEAN A TOMB! BR-R... IT'S TOO QUIET!

ONE SIDE, KID! WE'RE BEING BOMBED!
?
BAM..!
WHEW! STATUES!
..AND HEAVY ON THE HEAD WHEN THEY HIT! SOMEONE'S AFTER US!
RIGHT! ME!
ANOTHER METAL MAN! JUST AS WE EXPECTED!
THE METAL MAN LASHES OUT WITH HIS WHIP!
...SEE IF YOU EXPECTED THIS!
OWEEE!
WHY, YOU!
TURNING ON HIS FLAME, TORCH LEAPS FOR THE METAL MAN, AS TORO SINKS TO THE GROUND.
MY FLAME'S OUT!
OF COURSE IT IS, CHUMP!
--- BUT THE METAL MAN SPRAYS THE TORCH WITH A CHEMICAL SPRAY GUN!
AS TORCH LANDS ON THE FLOOR, HE GRABS AN ANCIENT WEAPON WHICH LIES NEAR HIM, AND...
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO COME AND GET ME!

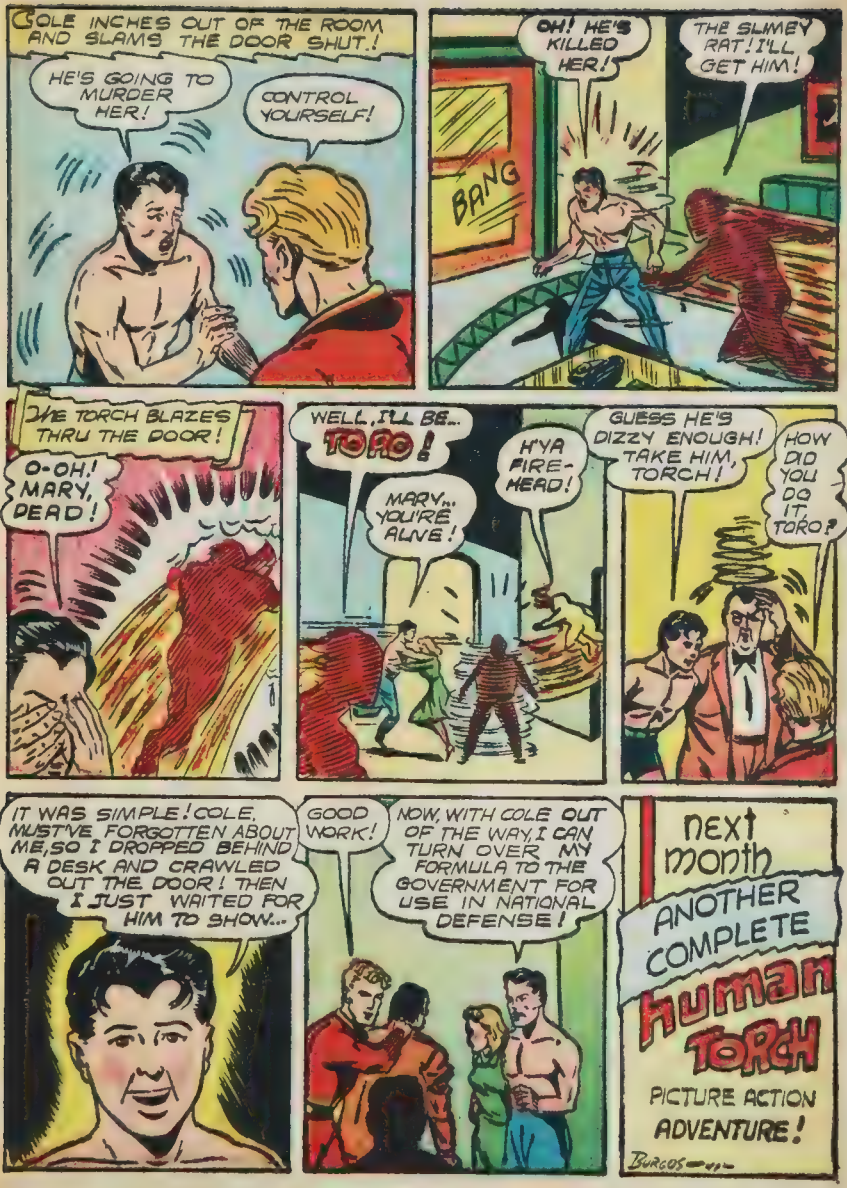
TRY THIS ON YOUR THICK SKULL!
HAH! YOU CAN'T PIERCE THIS METAL, PUNK!
BONG
CRACK!
MISSED!
HOW'S THIS?
UGH!
THE METAL MAN DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND BOUNCES UP, LASHING WILDLY!
HAH! YOU'RE SHORT!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
THE WHIP CURLS AROUND TORCH'S WEAPON, AND RIPS IT FROM HIS HAND!
HOW'S THAT, TORCHY?
I-I'M WEAPON-LESS!
..AND THIS FINISHES OUR BOUT!
OUCH! OOOH!
THE METAL MAN PICKS UP THE TORCH'S BLUDGEON, AND...
NOW IT'S LIGHTS OUT FOREVER, MR. TORCH!


Meanwhile..
UGH.. I'M BLEEDING! HEY!
FORGET ABOUT ME, METAL MUG?
HEY... OH!
O-O-...
WOW! MY HEAD!
WAKE UP! OSCAR'S GETTING AWAY!
WHOOPS! I'M DIZZY! WHERE'D HE GO?
INTO ANOTHER ROOM IN THIS BLASTED TOMB!
TORCH AND TORO RACE INTO THE ROOM!
LOOK!
BLAZES! IT'S MARY ORCHID!
ANOTHER STEP FORWARD, AND...
...THE GIRL WILL BE RIPPED APART!
WHAT'LL WE DO, TORCH?
THINK! THAT GUY ISN'T FOOLING!

AS THE CHEMICAL SPRAY WEARS OFF TORCH WHIPS UP A FIRE BALL, AND HOLDS IT BEHIND HIS BACK!
I'LL PREVENT IT!
BLAST IT! THE CHAINS ARE MELTED OFF!
ATTABOY, TORCH!
SUDDENLY!
STAND BACK, TORCH, OR THE GIRL GETS A LEAD DINNER!
WHA..? AN AUTOMATIC!
THE METAL MAN WHIRLS, AND DISAPPEARS INTO ANOTHER ROOM!
I'VE GOT THE JEWELS...
THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS, NOW!
I'LL GET HIM, TORCH!
TORO RETURNS...
HE'S DISAPPEARED, TORCH!
FORGET IT! LOOK, HIS MEN ARE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!
YOU BOYS AREN'T THINKING OF LEAVING NOW?
ULP! WHERE'S THAT GRENADE?
EAT THIS, SUCKER!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT, PAL!

FIRE-BALL WELCOMES THE GRENADE!
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THE PILL!
NOW TO ROUND-UP THOSE MEN!
RIGHT!
THE FIRE MASTERS WHIRL AROUND THE ESCAPING MEN, LEAVING A WAKE OF FLAMES IN THEIR PATH!
WE'RE TRAPPED!
USHER THOSE MUGS UPSTAIRS, TORO! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL!
ONE PORTION OF CROOKS ...COMING UP!
THERE, MISS ORCHID... YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES-THANKS TO YOU!
LATER... UPSTAIRS...
I DON'T BELIEVE LESLIE IS THE LEADER OF THE METAL GANG! ... I CAN'T...
PERHAPS HE ISN'T!
HUH? I DON'T GET IT, TORCH?
YOU WILL...
13

THERE'S THE REAL LEADER! ...STEPHEN COLE!
MY GUARDIAN?
?
THE TORCH IS RIGHT, MARY!
ME? ARE YOU CRAZY, TORCH?...WHY, WE ALL KNOW LESLIE IS THE RINGLEADER!
HE'S EVEN USED Y-9, WHICH HE DISCOVERED, TO MAKE THE SUITS USED IN THE ROBBERY!
YOU'RE WRONG, COLE! LESLIE WAS FORCED TO GIVE AWAY THE SECRET FORMULA... THESE WELTS ON HIS BACK PROVE IT!
IT'S TRUE! HE FORCED ME TO DIRECT THE ROBBERY, TOO, WITH THE THREAT OF MARY'S DEATH AND THE WHIP!
I-I-ER... STAND BACK!
THAT GUN... I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO FLOGGED TORO AND ME!
SO WHAT? MARY, STEP FORWARD!
NO, MARY... DON'T!
HOW COZY!
I-I DESPISE YOU, STEPHEN!
EASY, NOW!
YOU BUTCHER... I'LL---
BACK YOU GO!


COLE INCHES OUT OF THE ROOM AND SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT!
HE'S GOING TO MURDER HER!
CONTROL YOURSELF!
OH! HE'S KILLED HER!
THE SLIMEY RAT! I'LL GET HIM!
BANG
THE TORCH BLAZES THRU THE DOOR!
O-OH! MARY, DEAD!
WELL, I'LL BE... TORO!
MARY... YOU'RE ALIVE!
H'YA FIRE-HEAD!
GUESS HE'S DIZZY ENOUGH! TAKE HIM, TORCH!
HOW DID YOU DO IT, TORO?
IT WAS SIMPLE! COLE, MUST'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME, SO I DROPPED BEHIND A DESK AND CRAWLED OUT THE DOOR! THEN I JUST WAITED FOR HIM TO SHOW...
GOOD WORK!
NOW, WITH COLE OUT OF THE WAY, I CAN TURN OVER MY FORMULA TO THE GOVERNMENT FOR USE IN NATIONAL DEFENSE!
next month
ANOTHER COMPLETE
Human Torch
PICTURE ACTION ADVENTURE!
BURGOS

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THE SUB-MARINER

and "REPRISAL" Revenge

by Bill Weitel

WHEREIN NAMOR'S CLEVER STRATEGY RALLIES A BE-LEAGUERED NATION TO ARISE AND DEFEND ITSELF!

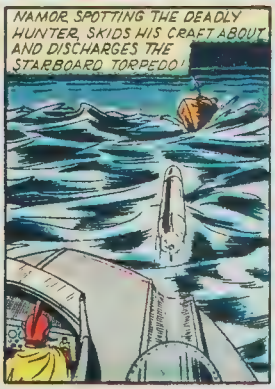
AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, SWIMMING SOUTH THROUGH THE ATLANTIC, HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH STEFAN NATAS, THE MAD ARTIST....
TIME I ROUND OUT HOW THINGS ARE AT HOME!
SOME TIME LATER, HE APPROACHES THE GATES OF HIS ICE-CASTLE IN THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC---
PRINCE NAMOR!!! WELL! WELCOME HOME, SIR!
WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, MASTER?
GREETINGS, FRIENDS! I AM HOME FOR A REST--I HOPE!
IN THE PALACE HALL, HE GREETS HIS MOTHER, WHO RULES THE EMPIRE IN HIS ABSENCE...
MOTHER!
NAMOR! MY SON! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU - YOU'VE BEEN AWAY SO LONG!
LATER, WHEN THEY ARE ALONE...
THINGS HAVE BEEN QUIET HERE, NAMOR, BUT I AM DISTURBED ABOUT THE WARS IN THE NORTH. THE FREE FRENCH ARE FIGHTING VALIANTLY, BUT THE REPRISAL EXECUTIONS BY THE NAZIS ARE POSITIVELY REVOLTING! SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE!
YOU ARE RIGHT, MOTHER! FOR EVERY GERMAN OFFICER SHOT BY A FREE FRENCH SNIPER, AT LEAST A DOZEN FRENCH PRISONERS ARE SENT BEFORE A FIRING-SQUAD —AND SOMETIMES MORE! IT'S FOUL AND DIRTY PLAY, EVEN IF THEY DO SAY THAT "ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR!"
THE FOLLOWING DAY, NAMOR CALLS A MEETING OF HIS WAR CABINET.....
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SET THE FACTS BEFORE YOU. I AM ASKING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO CONDUCT WITH ME A SERIES OF GUERILLA RAIDS ON THE NAZI-HELD PORTS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE. HOW MANY MEN CAN WE ENLIST?
JUST AS MANY AS YOU NEED, SIRE!
I SHALL ASSEMBLE MY BATTALION IMMEDIATELY! FOUR COMPANIES OF MEN WELL VERSED IN LAND WARFARE!
AND I SHALL CALL UP SIX SQUADRONS OF THE SUBMERSIBLE TORPEDO-BOATS - FORTY-EIGHT, ALL TOLD! WE'LL BE IN FORMATION WITHIN THE HOUR!

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR'S TWO LIEUTENANTS SUMMON THEIR MEN AND THEIR TORPEDO-BOATS, AND AWAIT NAMOR'S ARRIVAL IN THE ICE-STREWN BAY---
OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE---EVERYTHING SET, CAPTAIN?
EVERYTHING SET, LIEUTENANT!
A MOMENT LATER NAMOR BOARDS HIS OWN CRAFT, AND THE SPEEDY LITTLE BOATS WHIP OUT TO SEA---
SET YOUR COURSE DUE NORTH, AND WHEN WE HIT THE AZORES SWING NORTHEAST-BY-EAST AND SUBMERGE! WE'LL STRIKE JUST SOUTH OF ROCHEFORT FIRST!
RIGHT!
RIGHT!
DAYS LATER, THEY SLIP UNNOTICED, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, INTO A LITTLE SEAPORT TOWN ON THE BAY OF BISCAY....
CUT YOUR MOTORS, AND DRIFT IN QUIETLY! WE'LL START HERE!
SILENTLY THEY CRAWL UP THE DOCKS, EYES ALERT, AND FINGERS NERVOUS ON THE TRIGGERS OF THEIR SUB-MACHINE GUNS
EASY, NOW! CAREFUL!
WE'LL SEPARATE HERE, AND FAN OUT THROUGH THE TOWN------- REMEMBER-WHENEVER YOU SEE A NAZI OFFICER, LET HIM HAVE IT! AND SET FIRE TO EVERY NAZI-OPERATED HEADQUARTERS BUILDING OR WAREHOUSE YOU RUN ACROSS! HAVE NO MERCY!
INSTANTLY, NAMOR'S MEN COMMENCE THEIR MISSION OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!
ALL RIGHT, MEN-LET'S GO! AHA! LOOK! THERE'S A COUPLE OF OFFICERS AHEAD THERE! LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!
WAS IST-P
THE PEACEFUL NIGHT AIR IS SUDDENLY SPLIT BY THE EAR-SHATTERING STACCATO BARK OF THE RIOT-GUNS! -THEN A STRANGLED SCREAM!
YI-I-I-I-Y!
3

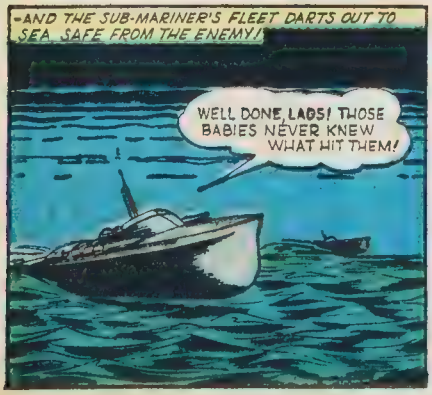
A MOMENT LATER NAMOR'S MEN TEAR THROUGH THE TOWN BLAZING TORCHES FIRING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT----
THAT'S ENOUGH BOYS! COME ON- BACK TO THE BOATS!

IN A JIFFY THE RAIDERS PILE INTO THE WAITING TORPEDO BOATS AND ROAR OUT INTO THE HARBOR -----
GIVE 'ER THE GUN HAMAR! ON TO THE NEXT TOWN!

BUT AS THEY SKIM OVER THE WATER A NAZI SUB-CHASER POUNDS THE WAVES IN PURSUIT!


NAMOR SPOTTING THE DEADLY HUNTER, SKIDS HIS CRAFT ABOUT AND DISCHARGES THE STARBOARD TORPEDO!

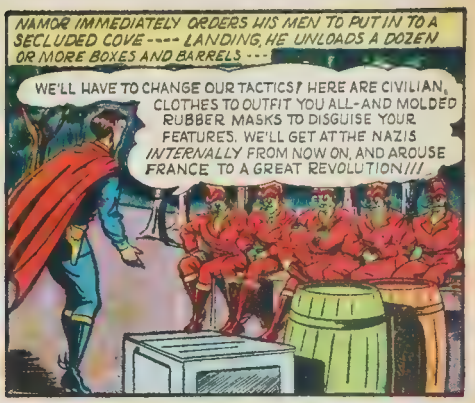
THE NAZI VESSEL BURSTS ASUNDER!
WHAM!


-AND THE SUB-MARINER'S FLEET DARTS OUT TO SEA, SAFE FROM THE ENEMY!
WELL DONE, LADS! THOSE BABIES NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT THEM!

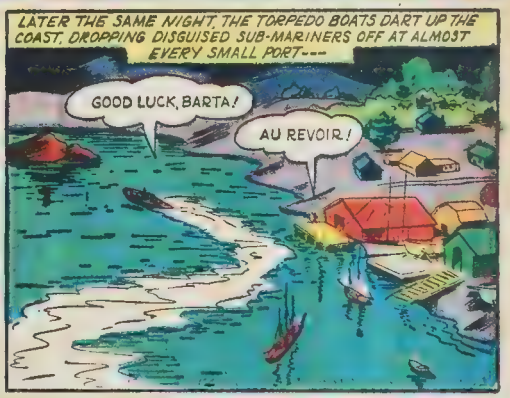
AN HOUR OR SO LATER, AT NAZI MILITARY HEADQUARTERS IN VICHY---
ACH, DER LIEBER! THIS INSOLENCE MUST BE STOPPED! WHOEVER THIS IMPUDENT RAIDER IS, HE MUST BE ANNIHILATED- IMMEDIATELY! WE WILL HAVE ANOTHER REPRISAL EXECUTION AT DAWN!

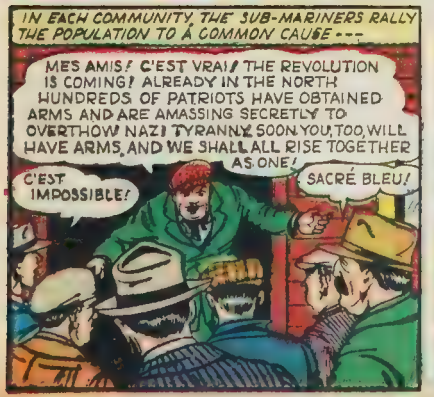
REPORTS HAVE IT THAT THE RAIDERS ARE NOT FRENCH, BUT UNIDENTIFIED ALIENS--- HOWEVER, THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR THE FRENCH, AND MUST BE TAUGHT THAT THEY CANNOT INTERFERE WITH THE GREAT CAUSE! IN THE MORNING WE WILL ELIMINATE FIFTY POLITICAL PRISONERS!!!
AND AS A COLD, BLEAK DAWN COMES UP OVER NORMANDIE--
FIRE!
AND SO THE REPRISAL EXECUTIONS CONTINUE--
MORE AND MORE FRENCH PRISONERS ARE SHOT OR HUNG AS NAMOR'S RAIDING PARTIES PROGRESS NORTHWARD, WORKING TOWARD THE CHANNEL COAST.
SUFFERIN' SHARKS! THOSE DIRTY SWINE WILL NEVER STOP! MORE KILLINGS - DOUBLE THE NUMBER EVERY TIME WE MAKE A RAID! WELL, THIS TIME WE'LL SHOW 'EM!
THAT SAME EVENING, NAMOR ATTACKS AN INDUSTRIAL CITY...
CUT 'EM DOWN, BOYS! GIVE THE RATS A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!
SURGING THROUGH THE CITY, THEY SET FIRES TO OIL STORES, BOMB BRIDGES AND RAILROADS..
BOOM!
WHAM!
NAMOR, HIMSELF, CLEARS THE WAY THROUGH BARRICADED STREETS WITH WELL-PLACED HAND GRENADES!
OUT OF THE WAY, DOGS! WE'RE COMIN' THROUGH!!!

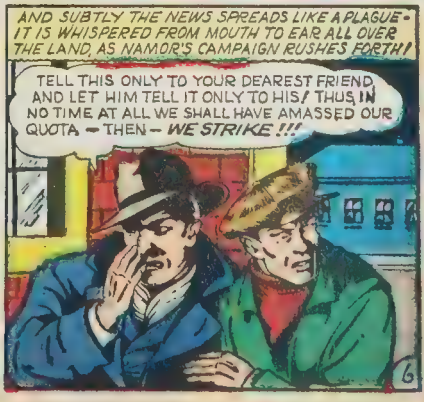
LATER, AS NAMOR'S BOATS CLEAR THE HARBOR AND SUBMERGE----
LISTEN, MASTER!
DNB REPORTING! ATTENTION! THIS IS TO WARN THE MYSTERIOUS ALIEN RAIDERS OF THE FRENCH COAST THAT THEIR ATROCITIES WILL ONLY PROVOKE MORE AND MORE REPRISALS. DESIST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!


NAMOR IMMEDIATELY ORDERS HIS MEN TO PUT IN TO A SECLUDED COVE---- LANDING, HE UNLOADS A DOZEN OR MORE BOXES AND BARRELS ---
WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OUR TACTICS! HERE ARE CIVILIAN CLOTHES TO OUTFIT YOU ALL--AND MOLDED RUBBER MASKS TO DISGUISE YOUR FEATURES. WE'LL GET AT THE NAZIS INTERNALLY FROM NOW ON, AND AROUSE FRANCE TO A GREAT REVOLUTION!!!

GAILY, THE ANTARCTIC FISH-MEN DON THEIR RUBBER MASKS----
WHAT HO, FALDA! YOU LOOK LIKE A FULL-FLEDGED "FROG," ALL RIGHT! HA!


LATER THE SAME NIGHT, THE TORPEDO BOATS DART UP THE COAST, DROPPING DISGUISED SUB-MARINERS OFF AT ALMOST EVERY SMALL PORT---
GOOD LUCK, BARTA!
AU REVOIR!


IN EACH COMMUNITY, THE SUB-MARINERS RALLY THE POPULATION TO A COMMON CAUSE ---
MES AMIS! C'EST VRAI! THE REVOLUTION IS COMING! ALREADY IN THE NORTH HUNDREDS OF PATRIOTS HAVE OBTAINED ARMS AND ARE AMASSING SECRETLY TO OVERTHOW NAZI TYRANNY! SOON YOU, TOO, WILL HAVE ARMS, AND WE SHALL ALL RISE TOGETHER AS ONE!
C'EST IMPOSSIBLE!
SACRÉ BLEU!

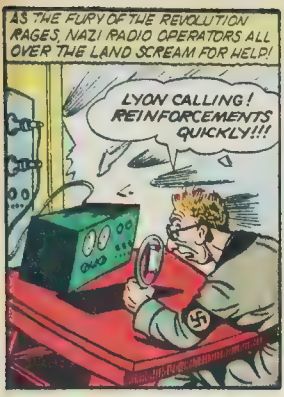

AND SUBTLY THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE A PLAGUE - IT IS WHISPERED FROM MOUTH TO EAR ALL OVER THE LAND, AS NAMOR'S CAMPAIGN RUSHES FORTH!
TELL THIS ONLY TO YOUR DEAREST FRIEND AND LET HIM TELL IT ONLY TO HIS! THUS, IN NO TIME AT ALL WE SHALL HAVE AMASSED OUR QUOTA — THEN — WE STRIKE !!!
6

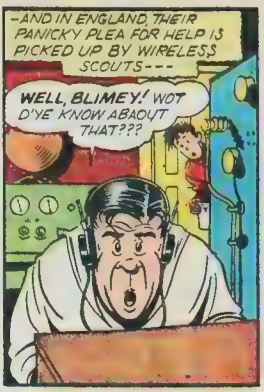
ONE WEEK LATER, NAMOR'S BOATS RETURN TO THE SMALL FRENCH PORTS...
DID YOU ARRANGE TO PICK UP OUR LOYALIST FOLLOWERS, FOLMA?
I DID SIR! THEY SHOULD BE WAITING AT THE DOCKS, NOW
AND SILENTLY, FURTIVELY, THE LOYAL FRENCH SUPPORTERS BOARD THE SUB-MARINER'S VESSELS.
HENRI! ARE YOU SURE NO ONE HAS FOLLOWED US?
MAIS CERTES, PIERRE! NO ONE SUSPECTS US!
AT EACH COAST TOWN, THE BOATS PICK UP MORE CITIZENS UNTIL ALL THE LEADERS OF NAMOR'S NEW FACTION ARE COLLECTED.
I-I DON'T KNOW, JEAN! I'M AFRAID--
PAH! DON'T BE A FOOL, PAUL! LE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS EST BRAVE!
SWIFTLY THE FRENCHMEN ARE TRANSPORTED TO AN UNDERSEA RENDEZVOUS IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, WHERE THE SUBMERSIBLE CRAFT COME TO REST....
WE WILL WAIT HERE FOR A RADIO ADDRESS FROM OUR COMMANDER, PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER! YOU WILL ALL LISTEN CAREFULLY TO HIM!
IN A FEW MINUTES, NAMOR SPEAKS TO HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED FOLLOWERS IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE...
MES AMIS --- YOU ARE ALL QUITE AWARE OF HOW DANGEROUS A MISSION OURS IS - I CANNOT IMPRESS THAT TOO STRONGLY UPON YOU! WE ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A GREAT MOVE THAT, WE HOPE, WILL MEAN DEATH TO THE NAZI REGIME IN FRANCE!
WITHIN THE WEEK YOU, WHOM I HAVE SELECTED AS DISTRICT LEADERS, WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH ENOUGH ARMS TO EQUIP ALL YOUR COMRADES. THEN, AT A SIGNAL FROM MY SCOUTS, WE WILL STRIKE TOGETHER - ALL OVER THE NATION!
AFTER THE MEETING, THE FRENCHMEN ARE RETURNED TO THEIR HOMES, TO AWAIT THE ZERO HOUR....
MON DIEU, GASTON! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING! DO YOU HONESTLY THINK IT WILL WORK?
BUT OF COURSE, GUILLAUME! WE CANNOT FAIL!
7

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, NAMOR MEETS HIS PERSONAL LIEUTENANTS AT A SECRET FIELD RADIO POST IN A WOODED SECTOR NOT FAR FROM VICHY-
WISH THIS CONFOUNDED RAIN WOULD STOP! IT'S NEARLY TIME, FOLMA--- IS THE TRANSMITTER READY?
MANY MILES AWAY, ONE OF NAMOR'S DISGUISED SCOUTS PICKS UP HIS BROADCAST....
SCOUTS 36, 24, 65, 67, 32, AND 79, GO TO YOUR STATIONS IMMEDIATELY! WARN YOUR MEN THAT THE ZERO HOUR IS HERE!
ALL OVER THE NATION, THE SCOUTS GET THEIR ORDERS, AND RALLY THE FRENCH REACTIONARIES...
HERE, HE COMES NOW! THIS MUST BE IT, MES FRÈRES!
THE SCOUTS GIVE THEIR FOLLOWERS A LAST MINUTE 'PEP'TALK'----
THIS MAY BE A DEATH-STRUGGLE, COMRADES, BUT WE MUST NOT FAIL!!! IT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR FREEDOM-TO SAVE OUR SELF-RESPECT. IT'S "DO-OR-DIE"-AND I WANT NO MAN TO TURN BACK ONCE WE START-NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES!
-AND DISPENSE FIREARMS TO ALL----
SUB-MACHINE GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, GRENADES - PLENTY FOR ALL! USE THEM ACCURATELY, WASTE NO UNNECESSARY SHOTS!
AND ONE HOUR LATER—THE FIRST BLOW!!!
DOWN WITH THE NAZIS!
BURN 'EM!
MURDER 'EM!
VIVE LA FRANCE!
ON TO VICHY!!!
Y-I-I-H-Y!
8

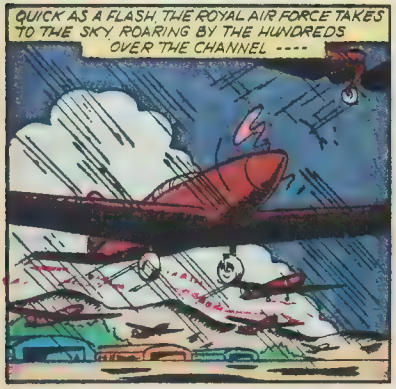
AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN ALL FOUR CORNERS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE, THE LOYALISTS STRIKE!
SNIPING
AMBUSHING
VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!
BOMBING
HURRY, ALPHONSE!
VIVE LA FRANCE!
IN HAMLETS, TOWNS, AND CITIES, NAZI OPERATED INDUSTRIES, BARRACKS, AND TERMINALS, ARE DESTROYED WITH VENGEFUL HATRED!
BAM!
WHOOM!
IN LARGE COMMUNITIES, THE FRENCH AND GERMANS MEET IN HAND-TO-HAND STREET COMBAT----
CUT 'EM DOWN!!!
DONNER UND BLITZ!!!
BLAST 'EM TO BITS!!!
IN THE MEANTIME, NAMOR'S FLEET OF SUBMERSIBLE TORPEDO BOATS, CHARGES THE NAZI BLOCKADE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL----
KOOM!
RIGHT THROUGH, MEN! DON'T LET 'EM STOP YOU!
-AND RUNNING THEIR CRAFT AGROUND ON A SANDY BEACH, THE "INVADERS" SCRAMBLE ASHORE, YELLING WILDLY!
YI-YI-I-I-I!
ON TO PARIS!

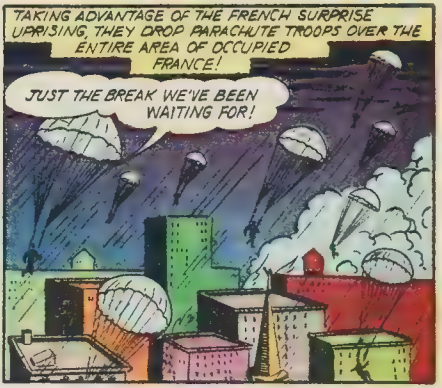
TAKING OVER THE TOWN AT HIS "PORT OF ENTRY," HE RALLIES THE POPULACE WITH A DYNAMIC SPEECH!
CITIZENS! ARISE! NO LONGER SHALL THE NAZIS PERSECUTE YOU! FOLLOW ME TO VICHY!
HYSTERICAL IN THEIR ANGER AND ENTHUSIASM, THE CITIZENS STAMPEDE THE TOWN, BURNING, PURGING NAZI ESTABLISHMENTS AS THEY SURGE IN NAMOR'S FOOTSTEPS!
YEOW-EEE!
HITLER! LET ME AT HIM!
ON TO VICHY!
WE WANT HITLER!
STRING HIM UP!
LONG LIVE PRINCE NAMOR!
MEANWHILE, IN OTHER SECTIONS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE, VIGILANTES COMMANDEER PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAINS---
---AND BOARD THEM, MASSACRING THE NAZI OCCUPANTS, SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER!!!
THROW 'EM OUT!
NEXT STOP PARIS!
YIPEEE!
AND OTHER REACTIONARIES, MORE CAUTIOUS, AMBUSH NAZI AIRFIELDS, CONFISCATING PLANES AND EQUIPMENT---
SOIGNEUSEMENT, MES AMIS! WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, NAZI BOMBERS, PILOTED BY FREE FRENCH AVIATORS, ROAR OVER INDUSTRIAL CITIES, BLASTING MUNITIONS FACTORIES, STORAGE WAREHOUSES, AND ALL NERVE CENTERS OF THE NAZI REGIME IN OCCUPIED FRANCE----
BOOM!
WHAM!
AND TRANSPORT PLANES, ALSO STOLEN FROM THE NAZIS, DROP FREE FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS, HEAVILY ARMED AND EQUIPPED TO BATTLE TO THE FINISH----
THEY CAN'T STOP US NOW!!!


AS THE FURY OF THE REVOLUTION RAGES, NAZI RADIO OPERATORS ALL OVER THE LAND SCREAM FOR HELP!
LYON CALLING! REINFORCEMENTS QUICKLY!!!

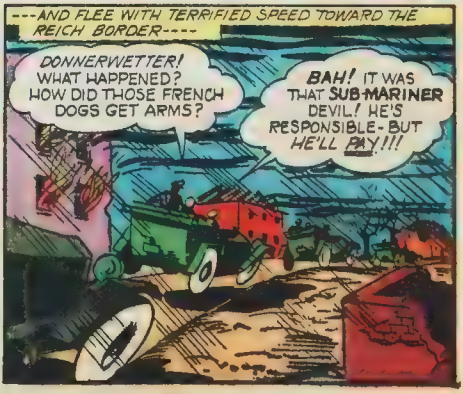

--AND IN ENGLAND, THEIR PANICKY PLEA FOR HELP IS PICKED UP BY WIRELESS SCOUTS---
WELL, BLIMEY! WOT D'YE KNOW ABAOUT THAT???

INSTANTLY THE NEWS IS RUSHED TO R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS, LONDON...
YEOWEEE! THE BLOODY FRENCH'RE REVOLUTIONIZIN'!!


QUICK AS A FLASH, THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TAKES TO THE SKY ROARING BY THE HUNDREDS OVER THE CHANNEL ----


TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE FRENCH SURPRISE UPRISING, THEY DROP PARACHUTE TROOPS OVER THE ENTIRE AREA OF OCCUPIED FRANCE!
JUST THE BREAK WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

IN VICHY, TERROR REIGNS IN THE NAZI CONSULATE--- FRANTICALLY, THE GERMAN OFFICIALS JAM DIPLOMATIC FILES INTO BRIEFS, AND GATHER THEIR BELONGINGS---
HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!!!

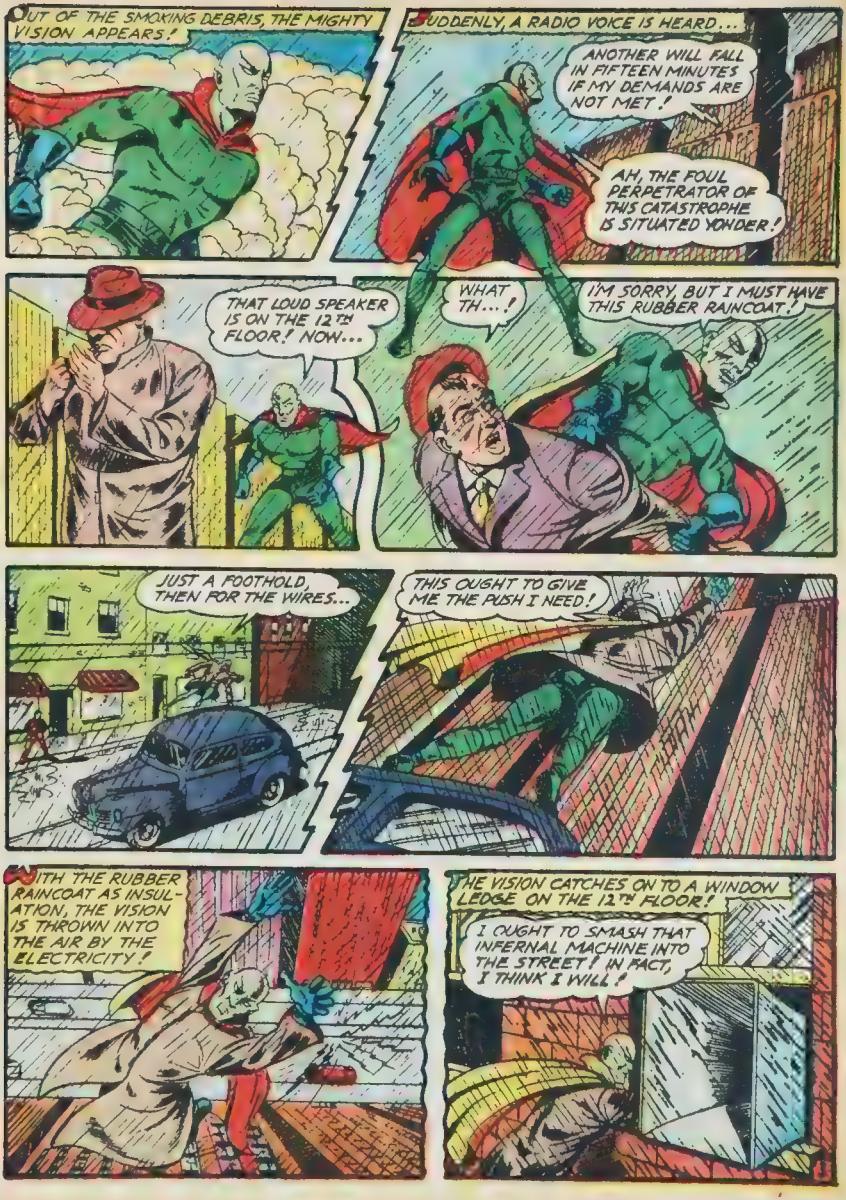

---AND FLEE WITH TERRIFIED SPEED TOWARD THE REICH BORDER----
DONNERWETTER! WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID THOSE FRENCH DOGS GET ARMS?
BAH! IT WAS THAT SUB-MARINER DEVIL! HE'S RESPONSIBLE - BUT HE'LL PAY!!!

MEANWHILE, THE REVOLUTION WELL UNDER WAY, NAMOR DECIDES THAT THERE IS NO MORE HIS MEN CAN DO AT PRESENT FOR THE CAUSE OF THE FREE FRENCH ---
COME ON, MEN -OUR WORK IS DONE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THEY RACE BACK TO THE SEAPORT WHERE THEIR BEACHED TORPEDO-BOATS LIE WELL GUARDED IN THE SURF ----
A GOOD JOB, MEN! NOW TO CLEAR THE HARBOR, AND HEAD FOR HOME!
THIS WAS A CINCH! LEAVE IT TO PRINCE NAMOR, OUR EMPEROR!
HASTILY, THEY SCRAMBLE ABOARD THE BOATS, AND HEAD OUT TO SEA ---
YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THE FRENCH - THEY'RE DEVILS ONCE THEY GET STARTED!
AS THE TINY VESSELS ROAR THROUGH THE HARBOR, A NAZI PATROL BOAT SETS OUT IN RAPID PURSUIT!
LOOK, HERR LEUDNANT! THERE THEY ARE AGAIN! THE RAIDERS!
AFTER THEM! FULL SPEED!
BUT ONCE AGAIN NAMOR STOPS THE WOULD-BE CAPTORS WITH A DEATH-DEALING TORPEDO!
WHAM!!
HA! YOU WOULD, WOULD YOU???
SKIDDING ABOUT, ONCE MORE HE PLUNGES INTO THE ATLANTIC, ORDERING HIS FLEET TO SUBMERGE ---
WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER CHAPTER WRITTEN IN OUR CAMPAIGN! A FEW MORE UPRISINGS LIKE THIS, AND THE NAZI STRANGLE-HOLD ON FRANCE WILL BE SHATTERED INTO A MILLION FRAGMENTS!!!
AND SO, WE LEAVE
THE SUB-MARINER
AGAIN ---
BUT WATCH FOR HIS RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS!
V
004

DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY NOW!
CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS, 330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!
DO IT NOW!
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY AND STATE.....
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
AMERICA ALWAYS!

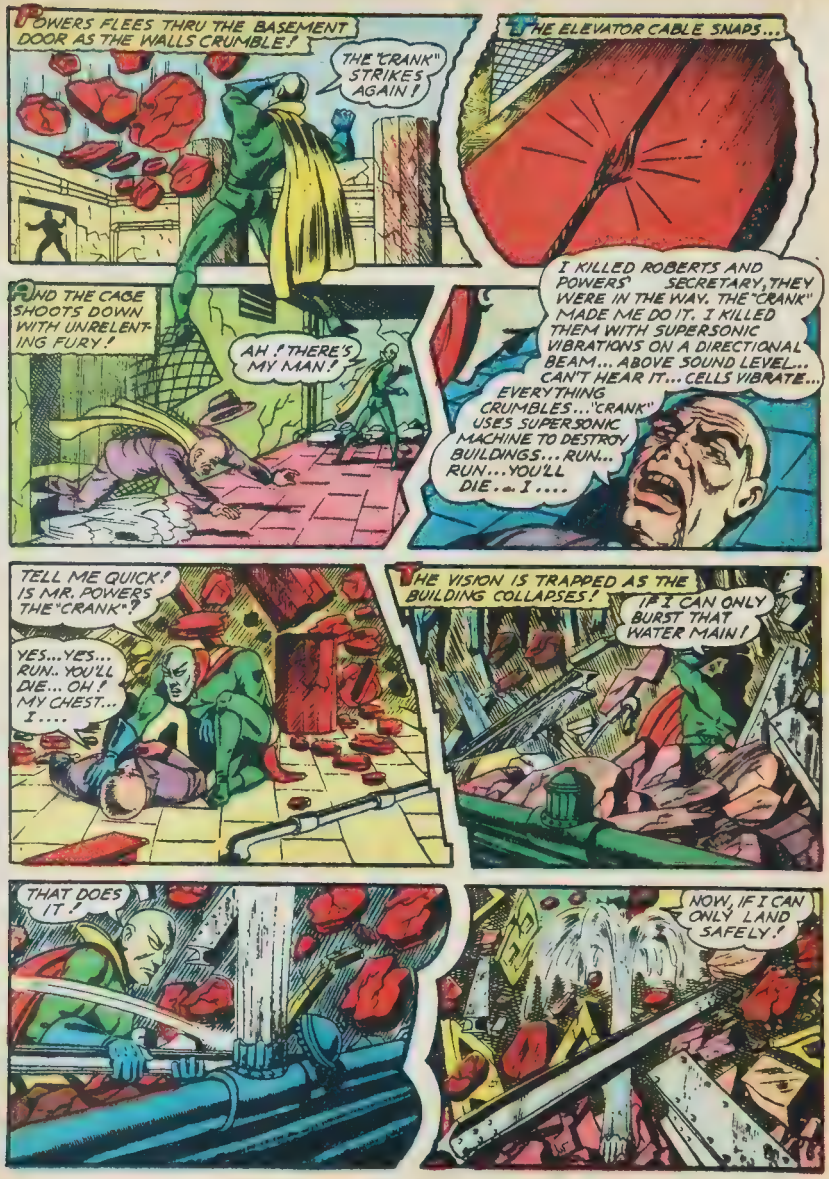
The VISION
by Syd Shores
OUT OF THE WORLD OF SMOKE HE COMES! WATCH THE VISION BATTLE THE "CRANK," ARCH KILLER AND BUILDING-WRECKER OF A LARGE METROPOLIS!
OUR STORY BEGINS AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF "FINANCE CITY," THE LARGEST AND WEALTHIEST BUILDING DEVELOPMENT IN THE CITY. FEAR OF AN UNKNOWN TERROR IS IN THE AIR!
I'VE RECEIVED A LAST WARNING FROM THE FIEND CALLED "THE CRANK" THREATENS TO WRECK...
...FINANCE CITY UNLESS WE PAY HIM HALF OF THE RENTALS WE RECEIVE! AGAIN MY ANSWER IS NO!
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO, MR. POWERS?
I SAY PAY HIM! YOU WOULDN'T BE SO BRAVE IF YOU RECEIVED A DEATH-THREAT LIKE I DID!

MR. POWERS, I RECEIVED NOT ONLY ONE, BUT TWO! WE ALL HAVE RECEIVED DEATH THREATS..I...
SUDDENLY...
OHH!
GOOD HEAVENS!
DEAD! AND NOT A MARK ON HIM!
THE NEXT DAY IN THE STREETS OF FINANCE CITY.
EXTRA! EXTRA!
EXTRA · Daily Star · EXTRA
CRANK THREATENS TO DESTROY SKY-SCRAPER! IF DEMANDS ARE NOT MET BY 12 O'CLOCK NOON!
THAT VERY DAY AT 12 NOON, THE CRANK STRIKES BRINGING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!
OOOOHHH... MY HEAD! THOSE VIBRATIONS!
SOMETHING'S GONE BATS INSIDE MY HEAD! I FEEL FUNNY... FAINT... MY HEAD!
LOOK!
WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH, A HUGE SKYSCRAPER CRUMBLES AND BEGINS TO TOUPLE INTO THE STREET, DISASTROUSLY!
HELP! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
CRASH
2


OUT OF THE SMOKING DEBRIS, THE MIGHTY VISION APPEARS!
SUDDENLY, A RADIO VOICE IS HEARD...
ANOTHER WILL FALL IN FIFTEEN MINUTES IF MY DEMANDS ARE NOT MET!
AH, THE FOUL PERPETRATOR OF THIS CATASTROPHE IS SITUATED YONDER!
THAT LOUD SPEAKER IS ON THE 12TH FLOOR! NOW...
WHAT TH...!
I'M SORRY, BUT I MUST HAVE THIS RUBBER RAINCOAT!
JUST A FOOTHOLD, THEN FOR THE WIRES...
THIS OUGHT TO GIVE ME THE PUSH I NEED!
WITH THE RUBBER RAINCOAT AS INSULATION, THE VISION IS THROWN INTO THE AIR BY THE ELECTRICITY!
THE VISION CATCHES ON TO A WINDOW LEDGE ON THE 12TH FLOOR!
I OUGHT TO SMASH THAT INFERNAL MACHINE INTO THE STREET! IN FACT, I THINK I WILL!

ADIEU, INSTRUMENT OF EVIL!
RADIO EQUIPMENT! THE "CRANK" MUST HAVE SPOKEN FROM THIS ROOM. I THINK I'LL... HELLO! WHAT'S THAT?
SECRETARY TO THE POWER
DEAD! POOR MORTAL! JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM. I'LL KNOCK THIS MACHINERY TO KINGDOM COME!
CRASH!
(SNIFF! SNIFF!) CIGARETTE SMOKE! WHOEVER WAS IN THIS ROOM CAN'T BE FAR.
THE VISION RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM INTO THE HALLWAY.
WHO'S THAT?
THE STRANGER TRIPS!
RADIO EQUIPMENT! THAT MAN'S MY QUARRY!
I'M BEING FOLLOWED!
THE VALISE IS HURLED AT THE VISION IN AN EFFORT TO STOP HIM!
TAKE THAT!
4

THE VISION RETURNS TO THE CHASE BUT MR. POWERS, SUDDENLY APPEARS....
SAVE ME, SAVE ME! THEY'VE KILLED MY SECRETARY AND THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME TOO!
NEVER MIND THAT. I THINK I'VE GOT YOUR MAN!
THERE HE GOES!
NO! NO! LOOK OUT! HE'LL KILL YOU TOO!
IS TOO LATE. THE CAGE SHOOTS UP! THE VISION SKIDS AND LOSES HIS BALANCE.
HOLD ON!
N THE SUDDEN CONFUSION THE VISION GRASPS POWERS INSTEAD OF THE WALL.
LET ME GO, YOU IDIOT!
AHHHH!!!
THE TWO BODIES COME HURTLING DOWN!
THE VISION GRABS A CABLE AND SAVES MR. POWERS!
I WONDER IF HE TRIED TO PUSH ME!
THE VISION SMASHES IN THE BASEMENT ELEVATOR DOOR!
EASY DOES IT!
SUDDENLY THERE IS A HORRIBLE GRATING SOUND THE WALLS TREMBLE!
THE VIBRATIONS!
QUICK! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


POWERS FLEES THRU THE BASEMENT DOOR AS THE WALLS CRUMBLE!
THE "CRANK" STRIKES AGAIN!
THE ELEVATOR CABLE SNAPS...
AND THE CAGE SHOOTS DOWN WITH UNRELENTING FURY!
AH! THERE'S MY MAN!
I KILLED ROBERTS AND POWERS' SECRETARY, THEY WERE IN THE WAY. THE "CRANK" MADE ME DO IT. I KILLED THEM WITH SUPERSONIC VIBRATIONS ON A DIRECTIONAL BEAM... ABOVE SOUND LEVEL... CAN'T HEAR IT... CELLS VIBRATE...
EVERYTHING CRUMBLES... "CRANK" USES SUPERSONIC MACHINE TO DESTROY BUILDINGS... RUN... RUN... YOU'LL DIE... I....
TELL ME QUICK! IS MR. POWERS THE "CRANK"?
YES... YES... RUN.. YOU'LL DIE... OH! MY CHEST... I....
THE VISION IS TRAPPED AS THE BUILDING COLLAPSES!
IF I CAN ONLY BURST THAT WATER MAIN!
THAT DOES IT!
NOW, IF I CAN ONLY LAND SAFELY!

THE VISION, THROWN TO THE AIR, CATCHES ON TO THE FLAGPOLE, BREAKING HIS FALL...
THERE'S POWERS! A RAT SCURRYING FOR SHELTER!
THE CRIME-SMASHER DROPS TO AN AWNING BELOW!
IT'S NO USE POWERS, COME BACK! YOUR CAREER IS OVER!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
THE VISION FOLLOWS POWERS INTO A ROOM.
HAH! THIS IS THE MACHINE THAT WENT OFF AT 12 NOON, AND AT 12:15, ONE MOVE FROM YOU AND I'LL SWITCH ON THE DIRECTIONAL BEAM! THE VIBRATIONS WILL KILL YOU, ALONE!
THE VISION INCHES UP TO THE CONTROL BOARD...
YOU PUSHED ME DOWN THAT SHAFT AND GOT CAUGHT YOURSELF, BUT STILL I WASN'T SURE. YOU KNEW YOUR SECRETARY WAS DEAD WITHOUT HAVING SEEN HIM AND STILL I WASN'T SURE. BUT WHEN YOUR HENCHMAN SAID VIBRATIONS, I REMEMBERED THAT YOU HAD USED THAT WORD....
HE MOVES FOWARD, GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER...
... THEN I KNEW YOU WERE THE "CRANK"! NOBODY KNEW THE BUILDINGS WERE DESTROYED BY VIBRATIONS, BUT YOU!
THAT'S RIGHT! I EMBEZZLED MONEY! THAT'S WHY I WANTED THE CORPORATION TO TURN OVER HALF OF THE RENT RECIEPTS TO ME. SATISFIED? NOW YOU DIE!
WE'LL SEE!
POWER'S HAND SLIPS IT'S FULL POWER!
FULL POWER
DIRECTIONAL BEAM
THE ENTIRE BUILDING CRASHES DOWN! POWERS IS DESTROYED BY THIS OWN HAND!
AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP! FAREWELL!

LUMPS OF DEATH!

By Mickey Spillane

THE KID was walking along the train tracks picking up coal, shivered in the night air. He was poorly dressed, and his arms and legs were thinner than they should be. Sometimes he would stop and stretch, but it was too cold to stand still, so he went back to shoving the black lumps in a sack. When he heard the whistle of the 10:15, he stepped from the tracks into the lots to go home.

Jack Billings, the yard watchman was cooking coffee over an open fire when the kid came along. "Hi," he called out. The kid jumped, dropped the sack and turned to run. "Hey, what's the matter, kidde?" The boy stopped. Somehow the voice sounded friendly enough and he came back a way. He looked the watchman over carefully; the good looking face and the well-knit frame. Evidently he was satisfied by what he saw, and walked over.

"You're new here, aren't you?" the boy asked.

"Yep. Just came on last night. Have some coffee?" The kid nodded. The smell of the cooking made him remember he hadn't eaten since breakfast. Jack brought out some sandwiches and handed him one.

"What's your name, kid?"

"George. What's yours?" Jack told him, and they settled down to eating and gabbing. George was curious as to why a watchman of the great coal yard should be out in the lots, and Jack explained that he was just an extra precaution against sabotage efforts.

THE FIRE Jack had built was beginning to burn down. "Wish I had some coal," he remarked. George gave a little laugh and ran over to where he had dropped the sack and dragged it over to the fire. He threw a few lumps on the blazing embers and sat down again. Jack got up and took his hand. "You're out late enough, young fellow. It's home to bed for you! Come on, I'll carry your bag out to the end of the fields." They stepped along through the weeds and grass chatting merrily. Suddenly, from behind them came a deafening blast! Dirt and rocks flew through the air blinding them. Jack dropped the sack, and dashed back with George on his heels. The spot where the fire had been was a huge, gaping crater!

A MOMENT later they were surrounded by company cops and yard workers, all seeking an explanation. There was none to give. The blast was not in the yard, so no damage was done. Wilson, the yard manager came over to Jack. "You mean you saw nothing, or heard nothing?" Jack told him that was it. "Well, that's not what I call being a watchman. You're fired!" He picked up his dinner pail and walking away, but George caught his arm.

"Jack, I was thinking—remember that coal I threw on the fire? Well—" Jack's eyes grew wide with amazement.

"That's it! Somebody knows that there is a load of coal slated for the new U. S. battleships going out tonight, and is going to toss in some explosive chunks. They must've dropped a piece and you picked it up. It still isn't too late to do something. The load hasn't come down the chutes yet, and they must figure to plant the stuff as it does. They couldn't afford to throw it on top of a load for fear it might get tossed off. We have to do something—and quick, let's go!"

They went a roundabout way to the back fence, and Jack boosted the kid over, then went over himself. Together they inched along, freezing to the spot whenever a yard cop went by. The moon was up, lighting the runways and huge coal piles with its evil eye. There weren't many places to hide, so they darted quickly from shadow to shadow.

AT LAST they stood at the foot of an enormous hopper, crouching under the loading platform. Jack took stock of the place. He knew the set-up only from talking to one of the cops. It was quite evident that they couldn't

hide any explosive from down here since the chutes were enclosed on the sides. That meant they had to throw it in from the top, and they might be there now! He turned to George. "You wait here, if any suspicious persons come around take this dump rope and slap it against the side of the hopper. It'll sound like the wind's doing it."

Jack ducked out and scrambled up the outside of the bin on the narrow iron ladder, careful not to make any noise, he finally reached the top. He poked his head over the smooth rim and looked around. No one was there! Good, then they hadn't arrived, but were due any minute.

He tried the hatchway in the center of the top, and it came up. There was a ladder descending into the pitch-black interior, and he climbed down until he hit the runway. Groping along with his hands in front of him like a sleep walker was tough, but he dared not light a match. A dust explosion would blow the whole works to smithereens. He had placed the loading chute in his mind before he came down.

Luckily, Jack had a good sense of direction, for he hit the wooden slide without much trouble. He wrenched off a piece of sideboard planking and jammed it under the release catch. There would be no coal pouring down that chute for a while! Now, back to George.

JACK was about to go down when the gentle slapping of a rope came to him. The signal! Someone was prowling about below. Taking the chance on being seen he jumped to the ladder. Halfway down there was a wooden ledge running around the circular structure that connected the chute boxes. Ordinarily, it was used to help release coal jams in the chutes, but now it provided a refuge for the ex-watchman. He ran around the side to the number four chute, grabbed hold, and slid in.

It was thick with dust, and made breathing difficult. Slowly, so not to attract attention, he eased himself down the gigantic inclined plane. At the bottom he hopped out and ducked under the platform. George was waiting for him."What's up, kid?"

"Three guys just went by, and the way they were talking they didn't belong here. One of them had a sack of something. Shhhh. There they are!" True enough, three huddled figures keeping to the shadows came into view. One had a burlap sack, and Jack knew well enough what it held! He had to get that bag!

Taking a desperate chance he slipped into the night. A few minutes later he was back holding a burlap bag. Silently, George and he filled the bag with chunks of coal that had filtered through the platform. Jack crawled over to George and whispered to him. "I'm going to go after them, kiddo. If I can draw them away for a minute, switch bags, but don't let them see you. These men are dangerous. Now be careful." George nodded, shaking with excitement.

THE MEN were deciding on a plan of approach, Jack saw, and surely enough they were planning what he had anticipated. He waited until they were bunched together, then let loose with a driving tackle that piled them all up. He swung wildly, throwing punches right and left as fast as he could. Something caught him alongside the temple, and he crumpled. During the melee, nobody noticed the figure that slipped out and switched bags. The leader motioned to the ladder, shouldered the bag and went up.

The midnight shift came to the hopper on the coal cars that were to be loaded. The train pulled in under the chute and jerked to a stop. The foreman shouted orders until the chute was lowered, then pulled the release cord. Nothing happened. Jack did his work well. Just then somebody spied his prone figure in the dirt, and the foreman came over. "Well, that dirty dog. Because he was fired, he tried to jam up the load." The men were muttering under their breaths. They were all for lynching him.

A barelegged boy fought his way into the mob. "Let him alone." He shouted, "he tried to stop the guys that were going to blow up the battleships!"

"WHAT!"

Briefly he told the story, and when he pointed to the roof of the hopper and told the men that the criminals were up there; they howled with joy. They'd show them what happened to guys who stepped in on Uncle Sam!

Some went up the ladder, others, like monkeys, climbed the chute. The three men certainly didn't expect an attack, and before they knew it were being battered all over the place. Hard knuckles dug into them, and eager men took over when the others got tired. They were a sorry looking trio when they were hauled down.

THE NEXT morning Jack sat in the manager's office grinning widely. "Well, Mr. Billing, you have certainly done things up fine. There's always a place in our organization for you. Your friend, George, is getting a check of appreciation from us in the mail."

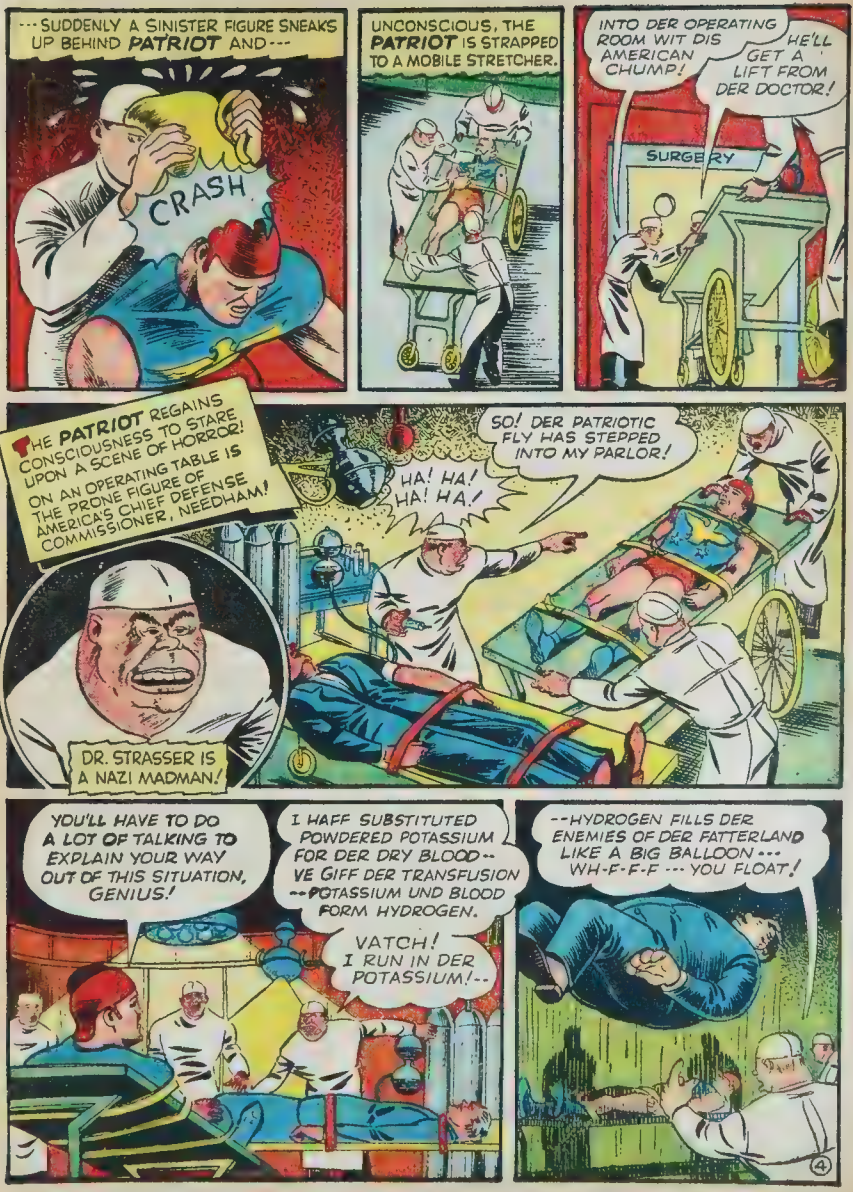
"Thank you, sir," Jack stood up and yawned. "Now back to work."

THE END

ONE OF THE STRANGEST CRIMES IN THE ANNALS OF SCIENCE CONTINUES TO BAFFLE THE POLICE FORCE AND THE ARMY AND NAVY -- UNTIL THE ***PATRIOT*** CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY BY PUTTING AN END TO THE MAD DOCTOR WHO IS TRYING TO STOP AMERICA'S DEFENSE PROGRAM.

NEWS-HOUND CASEY, ACCOMPANIED BY MARY AND JEFF MACE, IS FLYING TO THE STRASSER CLINIC IN AN EFFORT TO FIND AN ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE BLOATED BODIES.
THIS IS A VERY STRANGE CASE! ALL THE POLICE HAVE TO GO ON IS THAT THE VICTIMS ARE ALL CONNECTED WITH DEFENSE IN SOME WAY.
WHY ARE WE GOING TO DOCTOR STRASSER'S CLINIC?
DO YOU THINK THAT HE IS LINKED WITH THE CASE?
I DON'T KNOW! THE BODIES ARE ALL MEN WHO WERE RECEIVING BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS. I THINK HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CAST SOME SCIENTIFIC LIGHT ON THE CASE..
LOOK! THERE'S THE CLINIC NOW!
HOLY SMOKE! --SEE THAT THING DRIFTING UP OVER THE BUILDINGS!
IT'S A FLYING CORPSE!
KICK OVER THE RUDDER! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT TOWARD US!
CRASH!
...OUT OF CONTROL, THE PLANE SPINS TOWARD THE STRASSER CLINIC!

WITH A SICKENING THUD, THE SHIP CRASHES INTO THE BUILDING!
OUT COLD! -- BUT OTHERWISE O.K.
I THINK I SMELL A RAT IN THIS HOUSE OF MERCY... IT'S THE PATRIOT'S TIME TO ACT!
QUICKLY JEFF CHANGES INTO THE PATRIOT'S COSTUME.
I'LL FIND DOCTOR STRASSER! HE MIGHT THROW A LITTLE LIGHT ON THIS BLOATED MYSTERY!
PATRIOT DASHES DOWN THE CORRIDOR OF THE HOSPITAL.
SUDDENLY... THREE BURLY INTERNES LEAP FROM THE SHADOWS.
WOW!
THESE GUYS ARE FRESH FROM THE FATHERLAND!
I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AND..
...IT LOOKS LIKE I CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!
A TRAPESE ARTIST! HE LOOPS THE LOOP!
OVER THE TOP!
3


---SUDDENLY A SINISTER FIGURE SNEAKS UP BEHIND PATRIOT AND---
CRASH
UNCONSCIOUS, THE PATRIOT IS STRAPPED TO A MOBILE STRETCHER.
INTO DER OPERATING ROOM WIT DIS AMERICAN CHUMP!
HE'LL GET A LIFT FROM DER DOCTOR!
SURGERY
THE PATRIOT REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO STARE UPON A SCENE OF HORROR! ON AN OPERATING TABLE IS THE PRONE FIGURE OF AMERICA'S CHIEF DEFENSE COMMISSIONER, NEEDHAM!
SO! DER PATRIOTIC FLY HAS STEPPED INTO MY PARLOR!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
DR. STRASSER IS A NAZI MADMAN!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO A LOT OF TALKING TO EXPLAIN YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS SITUATION, GENIUS!
I HAFF SUBSTITUTED POWDERED POTASSIUM FOR DER DRY BLOOD-- VE GIFF DER TRANSFUSION --POTASSIUM UND BLOOD FORM HYDROGEN.
VATCH! I RUN IN DER POTASSIUM!--
--HYDROGEN FILLS DER ENEMIES OF DER FATTERLAND LIKE A BIG BALLOON --- WH-F-F-F --- YOU FLOAT!
4

ONLY DR. STRASSER COULD THINK OF SUCH AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF STOPPING AMERICA'S DEFENSE PROGRAM, JA?
HA-HA-HA! HE-HE!
UND NOW, PATRIOT, I VILL GIFF YOU A DOUBLE HELPING UFF POTASSIUM!
DIS IS VUN TRANSFUSION DOT VILL BE A PLEASURE!
YOU'RE GONNA BE HIGHER 'N' A KITE, SNOOP!
THE PATRIOT STRAINS HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES--SUDDENLY, THE STRAPS BREAK..
SNAP
...WITH A LUNGE HE IS UPON THE MADMAN!
OTTO, HANS, ADOLPH! HALP!
GET HIM, OTTO!
COME ON, YOU NAZI SNAKES!
THIS'LL TAKE SOME OF THE NAZI POISON FROM...
...YOUR FANGS!
WHA--?
GOING TO STAB ME IN THE BACK?
SPLAT!
DR STRASSER SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND...
5

THE DOCTOR FALLS ON HIS POTASSIUM-FILLED NEEDLE!
OWWWW
HIS SYSTEM SWIFTLY FILLS WITH HYDROGEN AND ...
WOW!
THAT'S ONE TIME A DOCTOR TAKES HIS OWN MEDICINE!
QUICKLY PATRIOT CHANGES HIS CLOTHES AND, BECOMING JEFF AGAIN, DASHES TO MARY AND CASEY...
...MARY AND CASEY ARE STILL DAZED FROM THE CRASH!
SAY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
I WENT TO GET HELP! ARE YOU BOTH O.K.?
NEXT DAY, ALL THREE MEET IN CASEY'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE...
WELL -- THANKS TO THE PATRIOT -- I WAS ABLE TO GET THIS SCOOP!
DAILY WORLD
MYSTERY OF FLOATING CORPSES ENDS WITH DEATH OF DR. STRASSER
THE PATRIOT IS A GENIUS! THAT STRANGE CASE BAFFLED EVERYONE, INCLUDING THE F.B.I.
HE'S TRULY AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE HERO!
AW -- THAT GUY'S JUST A LUCKY STIFF. HE JUST HAPPENS TO GET THE BREAKS!
HE'S ONE LUCKY STIFF I'D LIKE TO MEET!
THE PATRIOT WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
in
The MYSTERY OF THE Pharaoh's EYE!
NOW IT BELONGS TO ME ALONE!
O, SIRE, WHY DID YOU KILL YOUR BROTHERS?
IN ANCIENT EGYPT, MEN FOUGHT AND KILLED SO THAT THEY MIGHT POSESS THE WONDEROUS RUBY KNOWN AS THE PHARAOH'S EYE! AND EVEN TODAY, AS THE FABULOUS GEM REACHES OUR SHORES, THERE ARE RUMORS THAT...
SORRY, TERRY... NO ONE ALLOWED ON THE DOCK!
THE DEPARTMENT'S TAKING NO CHANCES ON FINOG, EH?
THEN I GUESS WE'D BETTER HURRY OVER TO THE MUSEUM!
...THE SINISTER CLAWS OF FINOG, NOTORIOUS EGYPTIAN JEWEL THIEF, WILL FIND AND SEIZE THE TREASURE OF THE PHARAOH'S! SENSING A STORY, TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR. WATSON RUSH TO THE PIER WHERE THE RUBY, ALONG WITH OTHER PRICELESS ANTIQUES ARE BEING UNLOADED..

LEAPING INTO THEIR SUPER-CHARGED MIDGET CAR, THEY RACE UPTOWN!
BY MEANS OF A SPECIALLY-BUILT THIEF PROOF GLASS CASE!
THEY'RE UNLOADING THE STUFF... I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE RUBY!
HERE COMES ROCKY, OF "THE NEWS"!
THIS FINOG GUY CLAIMS TO BE A DESCENDANT OF THE PHARAOHS, BUT THE COPS SAY HE'S A FAKE!
HOW'RE THEY GOING TO PROTECT THE JEWELS?
HERE WE ARE!
?
THE GLASS CASE HASN'T ARRIVED YET, SO THEY WON'T LET YOU EVEN GLIMPSE THE STONE!
THANKS A LOT... WE'RE GOING IN ANYWAY...
CHK! WHAT DOES HE EXPECT TO FIND IN THERE... A SAW AND FILE?
HE'S O.K., LET HIM THRU...
SPOOKY PLACE!
EEK!
YES,... THESE MUMMIES SEEM TO BE SMILING AT YOU!
THE TRIO ARE SEARCHED BEFORE THEY ARE ALLOWED TO EXAMINE THE NEW EGYPTIAN COLLECTION!
AFTER AN HOUR, THE ROOM IS CLEARED OF VISITORS...
THESE RELICS ARE PRICELESS!
I'LL BET FINOG WOULD GIVE HIS RIGHT ARM TO GET IN HERE!
NOT A CHANCE OF THAT!
WHY DO THEY WANT TO KEEP THIS OLD JUNK?
AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE...
DON'T QUOTE ME, BUT I'VE A HUNCH THAT FINOG IS IN THIS ROOM RIGHT NOW!
WHAT?

THE NEXT MORNING IN TERRY'S "LAB".
IT SAYS HERE THAT THE PHARAOH'S EYE IS A FAKE RUBY!
I'LL BET IT'S FINOG'S WORK!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! LET'S GET GOING!
EXTRA
EEK!
WHILE AT THE MUSEUM
MY RUBY! IT'S A FRAUD!
I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN FOR YOU, MR. NUTLEY!
POOR MAN!
YOU MEN ARE CERTAIN THAT NO ONE STOLE THE REAL GEM AND PLANTED AN IMITATION?
POSITIVE, CHIEF! BECAUSE IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO ENTER THIS ROOM DURING THE NIGHT!
TERRY ARRIVES IN TIME TO OVERHEAR THE CONVERSATION...
GUESS THEY'RE RIGHT, BUT I'D LIKE TO LOOK AROUND FOR MYSELF... WHERE ARE THE MUMMIES THEY BROUGHT IN YESTERDAY?
IN THE BASEMENT!
NOISELESSLY, THEY SLIP DOWN A BACK PASSAGEWAY...
THESE STAIRS HAVEN'T BEEN USED IN A LONG TIME!
LOOK!
AN OPEN MUMMY CASE!
WITH DUSTY FOOTPRINTS COMING OUT OF IT!
G-GOSH! WHAT ARE WE CHASING... A CROOK OR A SPOOK?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
HEY TERRY... I'VE A FEELING WE'RE BEING WATCHED!
JUST YOUR NERVES!
DO I HAVE TO GO TOO?
ASIDE FROM A BUNCH OF DEAD EGYPTIANS, WE'RE THE ONLY ONES HERE!
TERRY, WATCH OUT!
A GLEAMING BLADE SWISHES THROUGH THE AIR!
...AND LANDS WITH A DULL THUD!
OMIGOSH!
IT CAME FROM BEHIND THAT CURTAIN!
I WONDER WHO SENT ME THIS GIFT?
CAREFUL, NOW!
IT'S A DUMMY!
DUMMIES! MUMMIES! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WHEN THE CORD IS BURNED OR CUT, THIS SPRING ATTACHMENT HURLS THE KNIFE!
WHAT A GHOULISH TOY!
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!
TERRY RECONSTRUCTS THE MURDEROUS ATTEMPT!
WHILE A SHADOWY FIGURE EDGES TOWARD THE STAIRS...

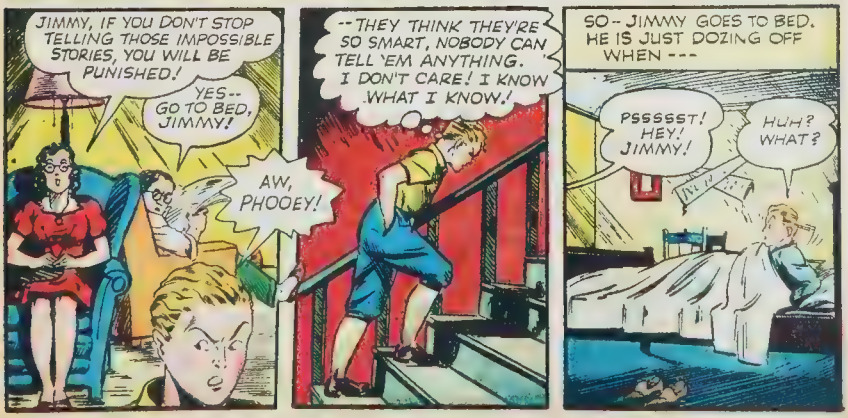
BUT, TERRY HEARS THE SCRAPE OF FEET ON STONE STAIRS!
THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE STAIRS!
LET'S GO GET HIM!
HE MAY BE ARMED!
WE CAN FIX THAT!
HERE'S THE WHOLE ARSENAL OF RAMESES THE SECOND!
HELP YOURSELVES, BOYS!
DOWN THE CORRIDOR THEY RACE!
CHARGE!
LEAD ONWARD, OH PHARAOH!
OUT OF MY WAY, EVERY BODY!
BUT... AS THE THREE "WARRIORS" REACH THE STAIRS...
WHAT THE...
OOF!
LOOK! WE TRIPPED OVER A MUMMY!
...AND IT'S MOVING!
BUT NOT FOR LONG!

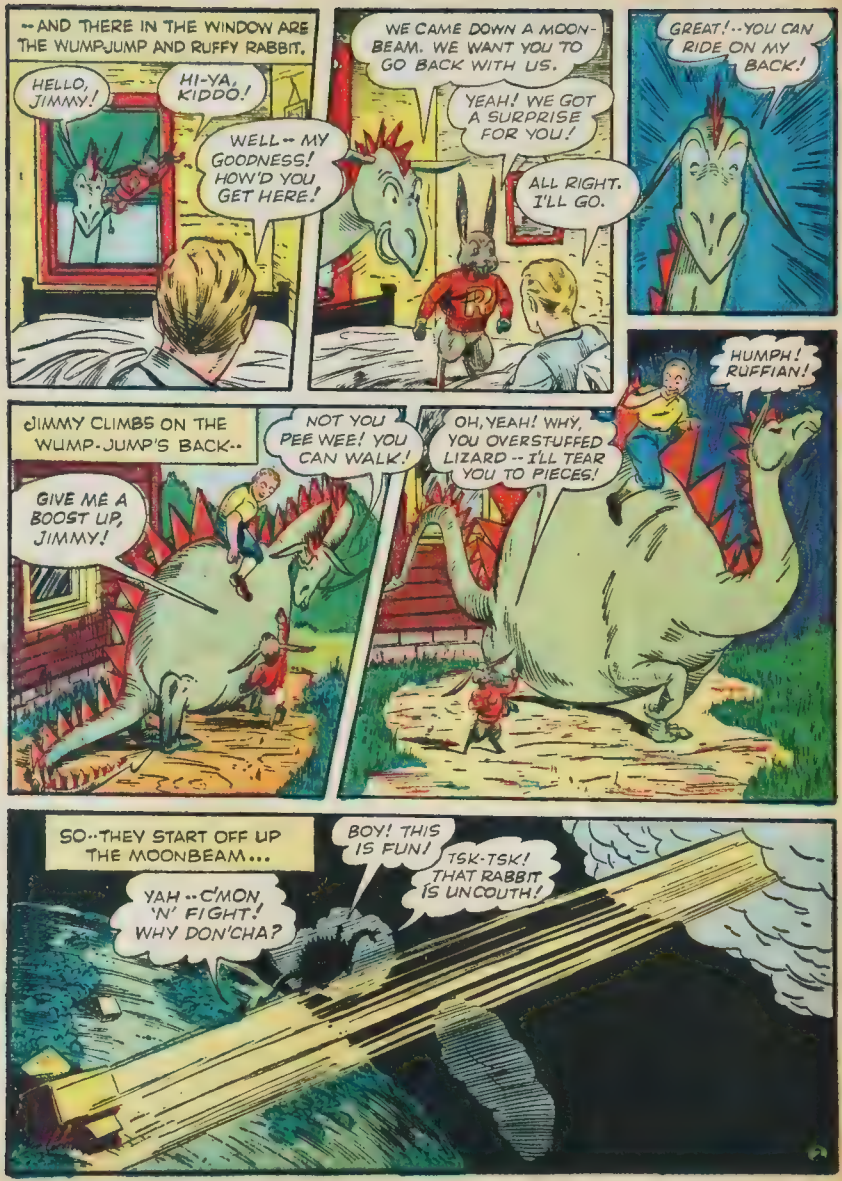
HOLD IT! IT'S NOT A REAL MUMMY!
YEAH...WELL IT'S NOT A DADDY EITHER!
LET'S GET THIS WRAPPING OFF HIM!
I'LL BET THE RESULT PROVES INTERESTING!
IT'S ONE OF THE GUARDS!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
REVIVED, THE GUARD TELLS HIS STORY...
...THEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, A MUMMY CAME TO LIFE, ATTACKED ME, REMOVED MY CLOTHES... AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!
DEADLINE, YOU REMAIN HERE TO CARE FOR THIS MAN... DR. WATSON AND I ARE GOING UPSTAIRS!
YOU BET! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS!
GIDDAP!
I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
THAT GUARD LOOKS JUST LIKE THE ONE WE LEFT IN THE BASEMENT!
THEN I GUESS I CAN GO HOME, EH, CHIEF...
YES, AFTER BEING ON DUTY ALL NIGHT, YOU MUST BE TIRED!
TWINS, MAYBE?
QUIETLY, THEY CORNER THEIR QUARRY...
WE'D BETTER NOT BE MISTAKEN!
WHEN CAN I SOCK HIM?
6

BUT AS TERRY APPROACHES, THE GUARD SUDDENLY WHIRLS AROUND!
SNOOPING, EH?
HEY, MISTER! COUNT TILL TEN FIRST!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT...HE'S TERRY VANCE!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
OUCH!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU!
WHY YOU BIG APE!
HELP!
DR WATSON, TO THE RESCUE, ARRIVES AT THE SEAT OF ALL THE TROUBLE—
SOMEONE TAKE THIS DEMON OFF ME!
THIS IS WHAT GUYS WHO HIT KIDS GET!
THEN THE ATTACK SHIFTS!
LET GO OF MY FACE!
WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF... RUBBER?
IT'S A PLASTIC MASK!
—AND THE MONK'S RIPPING IT OFF!
THE POLICE TAKE OVER..
GADS! IT'S FINOG!
AND HERE'S THE REAL RUBY, CHIEF!
TERRY EXPLAINS
...CONCEALED IN A MUMMY CASE, FINOG MANAGED TO BE LOCKED IN THE MUSEUM WITH THE RUBY... IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, HE SLIPPED OUT, OVERPOWERED THE GUARD AND EFFECTED A DISGUISE! IT WAS EASY FOR HIM TO SUPPLANT THE GENUINE RUBY WITH A FRAUD!
ANYONE WANT THIS?
TERRY VANCE
WILL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER THRILLING TALE IN THE NEXT
MARVEL!

JIMMY JUPITER in the LAND OF NOWHERE!

Jimmy is an ordinary boy who has visited the Land of Nowhere --However, his parents refuse to believe his stories...


JIMMY, IF YOU DON'T STOP TELLING THOSE IMPOSSIBLE STORIES, YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!
YES-- GO TO BED, JIMMY!
AW, PHOOEY!
--THEY THINK THEY'RE SO SMART, NOBODY CAN TELL 'EM ANYTHING. I DON'T CARE! I KNOW WHAT I KNOW!
SO-- JIMMY GOES TO BED. HE IS JUST DOZING OFF WHEN ---
PSSSSST! HEY! JIMMY!
HUH? WHAT?

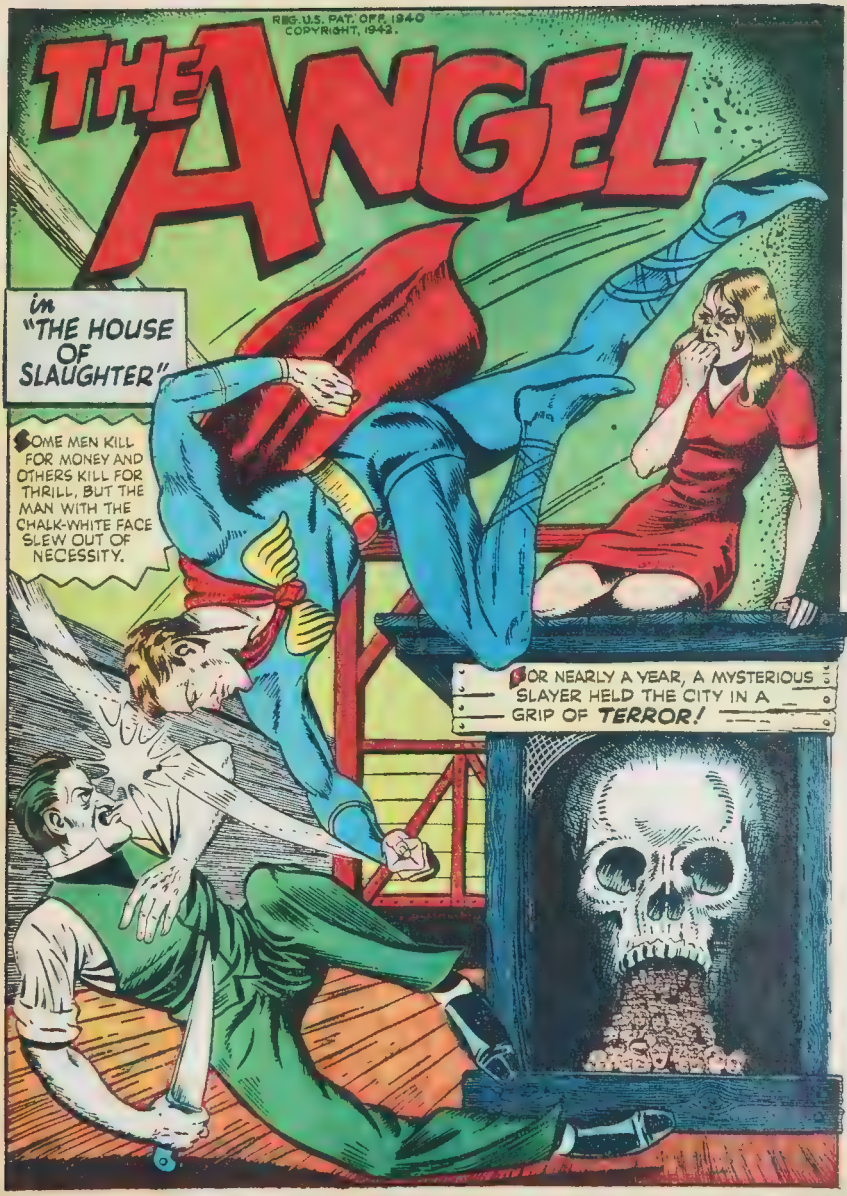

--AND THERE IN THE WINDOW ARE THE WUMPJUMP AND RUFFY RABBIT.
HELLO, JIMMY!
HI-YA, KIDDO!
WELL -- MY GOODNESS! HOW'D YOU GET HERE!
WE CAME DOWN A MOON-BEAM. WE WANT YOU TO GO BACK WITH US.
YEAH! WE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
ALL RIGHT. I'LL GO.
GREAT! --YOU CAN RIDE ON MY BACK!
HUMPH! RUFFIAN!
JIMMY CLIMBS ON THE WUMP-JUMP'S BACK--
GIVE ME A BOOST UP, JIMMY!
NOT YOU PEE WEE! YOU CAN WALK!
OH, YEAH! WHY, YOU OVERSTUFFED LIZARD -- I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!
SO--THEY START OFF UP THE MOONBEAM...
YAH -- C'MON, 'N' FIGHT! WHY DON'CHA?
BOY! THIS IS FUN!
TSK-TSK! THAT RABBIT IS UNCOUTH!

WHEN THEY REACH THE CLOUD, JIMMY PAUSES FOR A MOMENT TO GET A HANDFUL OF THE MOON-BEAM TO SAVE FOR A SOUVENIR.
BOY! LOOK AT IT SHINE!
OKAY, FELLAS! NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WELL, JIMMY, IT'S A VERY UNUSUAL THING WHICH I DISCOVERED!...
I DISCOVERED, YOU MEAN!
LISTEN--YOU PEANUT! I'LL SALT YOU GOOD!
OH, YEAH? C'MON AN' TRY IT!
SAY!
OH!--HEH! HEH! WE'RE ONLY FOOLIN', JIMMY!
SURE! C'MON! WE'LL SHOW YOU!
THEY LEAD JIMMY THROUGH A DARK FOREST ---
NOW, BE VERY QUIET!
SSSH...
SSSHHH
THERE THEY ARE!
GEE WHIZ!
3

THERE, IN A CLEARING, A NUMBER OF TINY PEOPLE ARE DANCING IN A RING...
A REAL FAIRY DANCE!
IN HIS EXCITEMENT, JIMMY STEPS ON A TWIG...
SNAP!
BE QUIET!
SSSHHHHHH...
SSSHH!
NOW -- SEE WHAT YOU DID? YOU FRIGHTENED THEM ALL AWAY!
I'LL GET THEM BACK!
HOW?
I'LL JUST CALL THEM -- WATCH!
YOO HOO! COME ON OUT -- WE WON'T HURT YOU!
HOW DO WE KNOW YOU WON'T? WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

JIMMY TELLS WHO HE IS AND WHERE HE CAME FROM.
--AND WE WON'T HURT YOU, REALLY!
IS THAT SO?
WELL --- SEEING THAT YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM EARTH JUST TO SEE US --
O.K., GANG! C'MON OUT!
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!
IMAGINE THAT!
THIS IS JIMMY, GANG!
AREN'T THEY CUTE!
HELLO, JIMMY!
AT THAT MOMENT...
OH, LOOK! --THE GNOMES!
WHIRRRRR
WHIRRRRRRR
OUT OF THE SKY COME HORDES OF BATS WITH LITTLE GNOMES SEATED ON THEIR BACKS CARRYING LANCES.
HOLDING THEIR LANCES LIKE KNIGHTS, THE GNOMES DIVE ON THE ELVES AND FAIRIES.
GEE WHIZ!

THE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ARMED GNOMES ON THEIR STRANGE MOUNTS.
GEE! I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING QUICK!
BATS CAN'T SEE IN THE LIGHT-- IF ONLY I COULD-- --WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT!
REACHING IN HIS POCKET, JIMMY DRAWS FORTH THE BALL OF MOONBEAMS AND HURLS IT!
TAKE THIS, YOU BATS!
THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH!...
...AND ALL THE BATS ARE GONE, EXCEPT ONE WHICH FLIES AT JIMMY ---
HEY!
---GROWING LARGER AND LARGER!
HELP!
--- BUT JIMMY SUDDENLY WAKES UP IN HIS OWN BED JUST AS A BAT FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW.
HELP! OH! SAY! CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?
HAS JIMMY ONLY BEEN DREAMING? MORE... IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!


REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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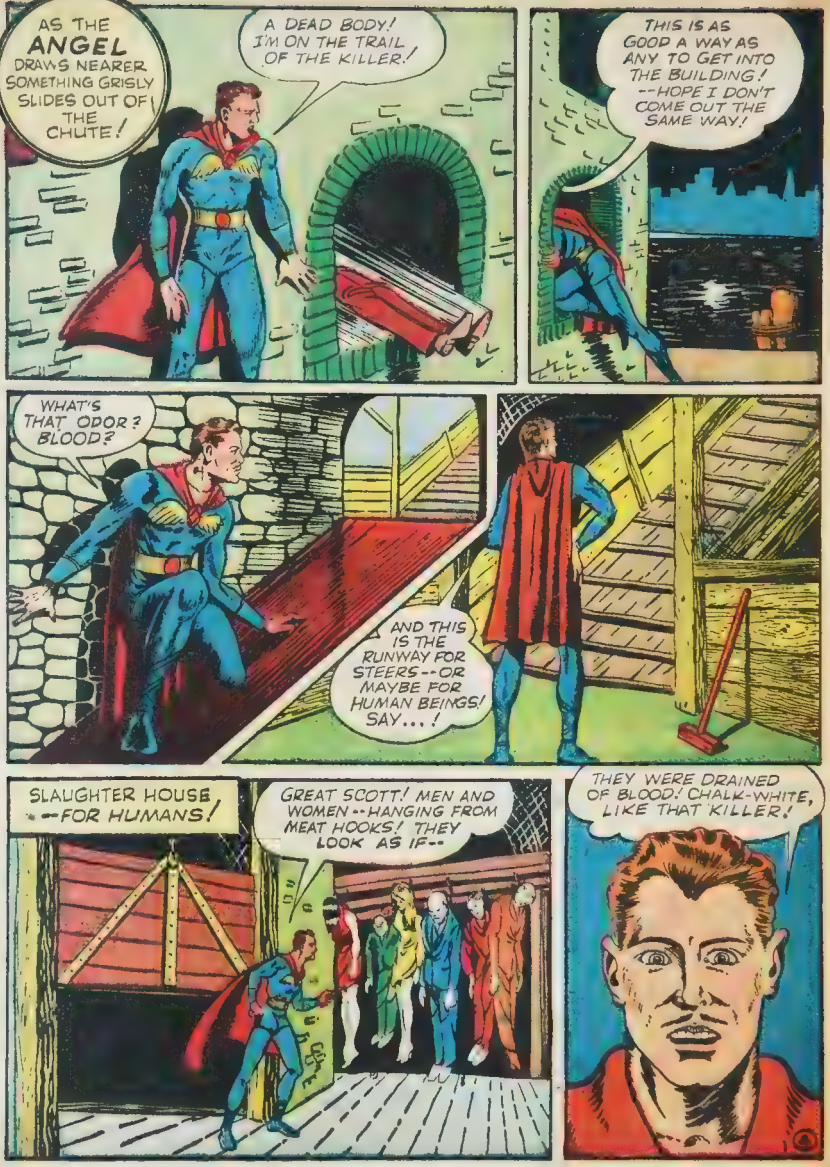
THE ANGEL
in "THE HOUSE OF SLAUGHTER"
SOME MEN KILL FOR MONEY AND OTHERS KILL FOR THRILL, BUT THE MAN WITH THE CHALK-WHITE FACE SLEW OUT OF NECESSITY.
FOR NEARLY A YEAR, A MYSTERIOUS SLAYER HELD THE CITY IN A GRIP OF TERROR!

A GREAT POLICE ROUND-UP WAS ORDERED, BUT THE CUNNING SLAYER HAS REMAINED AT LARGE!
THE ANGEL JOINS THE HUNT!
SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN! --BET SHE'S BEING ATTACKED BY THAT KILLER! WE'LL SEE!
HELP! EEEE-EE
OH-H-H! STOP! STOP!
AS SOON AS YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUS, MY DEAR!
THE DIRTY RAT! LET'S SEE HOW HE FIGHTS A MAN!..
MAYBE THIS'LL PUT SOME COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS, CHALK-FACE!
YOU WON'T BE LONG NOW!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
TAKE A NAP! --AND COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY YOU DIDN'T GET WORSE!
SMACK
AGHR-R-R
--LOOKS LIKE YOUR RESCUER NEEDS HELP! HEH! COME, MY BEAUTY!
THE ANGEL REGAINS HIS SENSES!
MY HEAD! HEY! WHERE DID CHALK-FACE GO?
2

PROBABLY TURNED THE CORNER! -- HOPE I CATCH UP WITH HIM!
THE ANGEL SPOTS A SMALL TRUCK.
HEY! SEE ANYTHING OF A MAN CARRYING A GIRL?
NO!
REISEL
PRIME MEATS
HUNTING HIGH AND LOW FOR THE MAN WITH THE CHALK-WHITE FACE ...
I'VE SEARCHED EVERY HOUSE IN THE BLOCK BUT HE GOT AWAY -- SAY-Y-Y...
MAYBE HE WAS THE DRIVER OF THAT TRUCK! LUCKY I RECALL THE FIRM -- REISEL!
NOW TO SEE A TELEPHONE BOOK!
TAKE ME TO 715 NORTH STREET!
OKAY, BOSS!
NORTH STREET
THE PLACE SEEMS TO BE NEAR THE RIVER!
A SLAUGHTER HOUSE! DARK, TOO! -- WHAT'S THAT OPENING IN THE WALL? LOOKS LIKE A KIND OF CHUTE ...
3


AS THE ANGEL DRAWS NEARER SOMETHING GRISLY SLIDES OUT OF THE CHUTE!
A DEAD BODY! I'M ON THE TRAIL OF THE KILLER!
THIS IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY TO GET INTO THE BUILDING! --HOPE I DON'T COME OUT THE SAME WAY!
WHAT'S THAT ODOR? BLOOD?
AND THIS IS THE RUNWAY FOR STEERS--OR MAYBE FOR HUMAN BEINGS! SAY...!
SLAUGHTER HOUSE --FOR HUMANS!
GREAT SCOTT! MEN AND WOMEN--HANGING FROM MEAT HOOKS! THEY LOOK AS IF--
THEY WERE DRAINED OF BLOOD! CHALK-WHITE, LIKE THAT 'KILLER!'

MOVING NOISELESSLY, THE ANGEL COMES UPON HIS QUARRY...
WHAT THE --! --LOOKS AS IF HE'S GIVING HIMSELF A BLOOD TRANSFUSION!
I HOPE HER BLOOD IS STRONG!
AS THE GIRL'S BLOOD RACES THROUGH HIS VEINS, TWO SPOTS OF COLOR APPEAR IN HIS FACE...
AH! HOW GOOD I FEEL! -- POWER SURGING THROUGH ME!
TRY SOME OF THAT POWER ON ME -- IF YOU CAN!
OH! IT'S YOU! ONE CRACK ON THE HEAD WASN'T ENOUGH, EH?
WOW
WOW
NO! BUT I DOUBT IF YOU CAN GIVE ME ANOTHER!
HOW ARE YOU ON HIGH DIVING, DRACULA?
STOP!
EE-YI-EE!
THAT OUGHT TO MAKE HIM STAY PUT FOR A WHILE!
SAY! THAT GIRL'S BLEEDING!

THERE! THIS TOURNIQUET SHOULD STOP THE BLEEDING!
WHILE THE ANGEL ATTENDS TO THE INJURED GIRL, THE KILLER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.
IF THIS SLEDGE-HAMMER CAN KILL A STEER, IT OUGHT TO KILL HIM!
FOOTFALLS WARN THE ANGEL OF THE SLAYER'S APPROACH.
--DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, EH?
WHEN I FINISH YOU, THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT OF YOU BUT BLOOD -- BLOOD!
AS THE ANGEL FLINGS HIMSELF DOWNWARD, THE SLEDGE-HAMMER HITS HIM A SMASHING BLOW.
HERE I COME--- YEOW!
THERE YOU GO!
MY THIGH! --PARALYZED! I CAN'T MOVE!
I'M GOING TO SLICE YOU TO PIECES! ---SLOWLY!
THE PARALYSIS IS WEARING OFF, BUT I STILL CAN'T GET UP! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE!

DESPERATE, THE ANGEL ROLLS HIMSELF UP INTO A BALL!
THIS IS ONE WAY OF GOING PLACES!
I'VE GOT YOU HELPLESS--
...HEY!
JUST LIKE BOWLING--AND YOU'RE THE KINGPIN!
AY-YI YI!
THE TWO MEN LAND IN A TANGLED HEAP!
OOF!
WOW!
THAT LITTLE ENCOUNTER WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED!--MY LEG FEELS BETTER ALREADY!
AND THIS MAKES ME FEEL STILL BETTER!
START TALKING--OR I'LL TOSS YOU SO HIGH YOU'LL NEED A PARACHUTE TO LAND!
I--I'LL TALK--ONLY LOOSEN UP MY THROAT BEFORE I CHOKE!
MY NAME'S REISEL... SOME MONTHS AGO I WAS STRICKEN WITH A STRANGE MALADY...
7

...!! THE DISEASE CONSUMED MY RED BLOOD CORPUSCLES!!..
THIS OUGHT TO GIVE HIM A LIFT-- A FULL QUART!
...BUT MY CONDITION BECAME WORSE...
WE'VE BEEN GIVING HIM THREE QUARTS A DAY, DOCTOR!
IF IT KEEPS UP, WE'LL NEED AN ARMY TO SUPPLY HIM!
...FINALLY THE SENTENCE OF DEATH WAS PASSED ON ME...
SORRY, REISEL --BUT WE CAN'T DEPLETE THE CITY'S BLOOD SUPPLY TO SAVE ONE MAN.
GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL ORDER A COFFIN.
...BUT A WAY OUT CAME TO ME WHEN I LEFT THE HOSPITAL...
HOSPI
I KNOW HOW I CAN GET THE BLOOD! -- STEAL IT! KILL TO STEAL IT!
REISEL FINISHES HIS STORY.
... I BOUGHT THIS PLACE AS A FRONT--TO HIDE ANY EXCESS BLOOD!--AND EMBARKED ON A WAVE OF MURDER.
WELL, I'LL SAVE ONE OF YOUR VICTIMS, ANYWAY!
YOU'RE GOING TO RETURN THAT BLOOD YOU STOLE FROM HER!
NO! NO! I'LL DIE!
I'LL DIE!
THE ANGEL FORCES REISEL TO RETURN THE BLOOD --THEN -----
THANK YOU! W-WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT AWFUL MAN?
HE'S LYING THERE --- DEAD! IT WAS EITHER HE OR YOU!
AND SO THE ANGEL MAKES HIS DEPARTURE --BEHIND A SHADOW AND A SOLVED MURDER MYSTERY.
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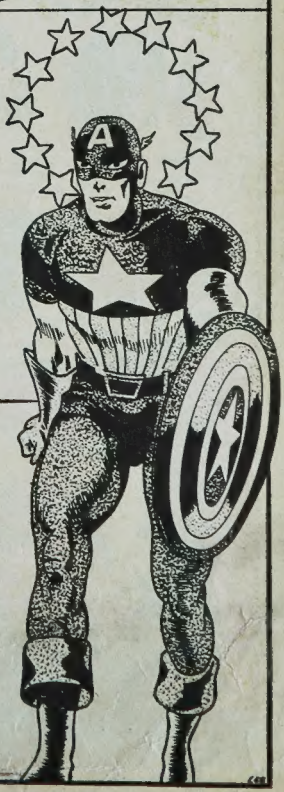

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Jun 12, 2016
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